

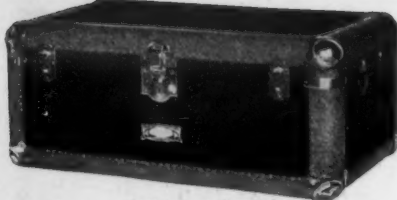
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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JAN 16 1913
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Indestructo Special
Strong 3-ply construction, covered with hard fibre and bound with brass. The strongest trunk made at the price. Guaranteed for five years.
\$15 to \$21

CURRENT DEALERS

ALASKA
Douglas, P. H. Fox
Juneau, B. M. Behrends Co., Inc.
Treadwell, Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Co.

ALABAMA
Birmingham, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Mobile, L. Hammel Dry Gds. Co.
Montgomery, Montgomery Fair
Selma, Liepold Bros.
T. F. Pollard Clo. Co.

ARIZONA
Phoenix, M. Goldenberg & Co.
Phoenix Trunk Factory

ARKANSAS
Fort Smith, Berry-Wright Dry Gds. Co.
Boston Store Dry Gds. Co.
J. J. Little Clo. Co.

HELENA, WARE & SOLOMON
Hot Springs, S. M. Duffie & Co.
Little Rock, Little Rock Trunk & Bag Co.
Texarkana, Brewer & Sanderson Co.

CALIFORNIA
Fresno, Kutner-Goldstein Co.
Los Angeles, Bullock's
Oakland, C. J. Heeseman
Quality Trunk Co. (Wardrobe)
Pasadena, Crown City Trunk Co.
Redlands, Kennard & Howland
Sacramento, Walsh-Richardson Co.
San Diego, San Diego Trunk Co.
San Francisco, Roos Bros.

OPPENHEIMER, THE TRUNK MAN
Santa Ana, Horten-Spurgeon Furn. Co.
Santa Barbara, C. H. Brink
San Jose, W. H. Baugh, Lincoln & Coe

CANADA
Toronto, T. Eaton & Co.
Winnipeg, T. Eaton & Co.

COLORADO
Boulder, Buchheit-Graham Furn. Co.
Colorado Springs, Colorado Leather Co.
Denver, May Shoe & Clothing Co.
Pueblo, White & Davis
Trinidad, Ingraham-Powder Clo. Co.

CONNECTICUT
Meriden, J. E. Brown
Waterbury, J. B. Mullings & Son

DELAWARE
Wilmington, Joshua Conner

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Jacksonville, Florida Trunk Mfg. Co.
Miami, John Sewell & Bros.
Palatka, Fearnside Clothing Co.
Pensacola, The John White Store
Tampa, Maas, The Haberdasher

GEORGIA
Athens, Michael Bros.
Atlanta, M. Rich & Bros. Co.
Augusta, J. B. White & Co.
Brunswick, H. M. Miller & Sons
Columbus, J. Friedlander & Co.
Macon, Jos. N. Neel Co.
Savannah, Edward Moyle
Savannah Trunk Factory (Wardrobe)

HAWAII TERRITORY
Waycross, A. J. Jordan

HONOLULU, THE VON HAMM YOUNG CO.

IDAHO
Boise, The Falk Merc. Co.
Murphy, Swaine & Helm
Pocatello, Peterson & Bohlert

ILLINOIS
Aurora, Schmitz & Gretencort
Bloomington, M. L. Moore & Co.
Canton, Fitzgerald & Co.
Champaign, F. K. Robeson
Chicago, INDESTRUCTO Luggage Shop
Danyville, N. J. Basch Co.
Ries-Strouss Co.
Decatur, Decatur Trunk Factory
Elgin, Ackerman Bros.
Freeport, W. C. Jenks
Frank Lohr
Galesburg, Kellogg, Drake & Co.
The O. T. Johnson Co.
Jacksonville, G. H. Harney
Kewanee, S. L. Arter
Joliet, Dinert, Nachbaur & Co.
Kankakee, G. J. Knecht & Co.
Monmouth, E. B. Colwell Co.
Ottawa, M. Stiefel & Son
Peoria, J. F. Knupp
Rockford, L. Armstrong & Son
Rock Island, L. S. McCabe & Co.
Springfield, C. M. LaBonte
Streator, L. U. Wilcox & Co.

INDIANA
Crawfordsville, Louis Bishop
Fort Wayne, Aldering & Ittenbach
Goshen, Wm. Arthur
Kendallville, J. Keller & Co.
Kokomo, Thalmann & Levi
Laporte, Kriedler Clothing Co.
Marion, Wigger Buggy & Harness Co.
Muncie, Keller-Bryce Co.
North Manchester, B. Oppenheimer & Co.
Peru, Julius Falk
South Bend, Geo. Wyman & Co.
Aldering & Ittenbach
Vincennes, S. & I. Lyons Co.

IOWA
Burlington, James H. Jacoby & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Armstrong & McClanahan
Clinton, The Hub Clothing Co.
Council Bluffs, The John Beno Co.
Davenport, J. H. C. Petersen's Sons
Des Moines, Des Moines Trunk Co.



Indestructo De Luxe
6-ply canvas covered, hardwood bound, in three heights and 30 and 40-inch lengths. Guaranteed for five years.
\$22 to \$31.50

Fort Dodge, Frank Gates & Son
The Plymouth Clothing Co.
Mason City, Gildner Bros.
Patton Bros.
Oskaloosa, F. S. Barden
Sioux City, Davidson Bros. Co.
The Pelletier Co.
Waterloo, Paul Davis & Co.

KANSAS
Leavenworth, Wm. Small & Co.
Topeka, The Crosby Bros. Co.
Wichita, Geo. Innes & Co.

KENTUCKY
Lexington, Kaufman Straus & Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria, Weil Bros. & Bauer
Baton Rouge, The Farrabach Dry Gds. Co., Ltd.
Henry Straus
New Orleans, New Orleans Trunk Co.
Shreveport, Kidd-Russ Trunk & Bag Co. (Wardrobe)

MAINE
Buxton, Soule Bros.

MARYLAND
Baltimore, Tuerke Trunk Store

Minneapolis, Powers Merc. Co.
Red Wing, Adler, Schacht & Erickson
Rochester, Henry Weber
St. Cloud, The New Clothes Store
St. Paul, F. V. Garland Co.

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson, R. E. Kennington
Meridian, Doughtie Furn. Co.

MISSOURI
Joplin, Newman Merc. Co.
Kansas City, Gump Trunk Co.
Luce Trunk Co.
Geo. B. Peck D. Gds. Co.

St. Joseph, Endebeck Trunk Co.
St. Louis, The May Dept. Store
Sedalia, St. Louis Clo. Co.

MONTANA
Billings, John D. Looskamp
Butte, Wm. M. Harrison
Great Falls, Paris Dry Gds. Co.
Helena, Dalton & Simon

NEBRASKA
Grand Island, S. N. Wolbach & Sons
Hastings, Wolbach & Brach
Lincoln, Rudge & Guenzel Co.



Indestructo Traveler
6-ply fabric covered, trimmed in brass and bound with fibre. Guaranteed for five years.
\$25 to \$37.50

Schenectady, John B. Hagadorn
Syracuse, N. Peters & Co.
Syracuse Trunk Works
Troy, Boughton & Co.
Watertown, H. Butterworth & Sons

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville, M. V. Moore Co.
Charlotte, Gilmer-Moore & Co.
Durham, T. J. Lambe Sons & Co.
Greensboro, Van Story Clo. Co.
Raleigh, Dobbins-Ferrall Co.
Winston-Salem, Hunter-Stekton-Hill Co.
Wilmington, Geo. O. Gaylord Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
 Fargo, Monson Trunk Co.
Grand Forks, R. B. Griffith
Minley & Smith

OHIO
Akron, M. O'Neil & Co.
C. H. Borst Co.
Alliance, Koch Bros.
Bucyrus, M. Nussbaum & Son
Canton, Chas. F. Spanagel & Son
Cleveland, Higbee Co.
Bennett & Fish
Dayton, The Rike-Kumler Co.
Findlay, J. T. Patterson & Son
Fostoria, The Peter Clothing Co.
Fremont, Dryfoos & Bach
Hamilton, Strauss & Co.
Ironton, A. J. Brumberg
Middletown, Ritter Harness & Buggy Co.
New Philadelphia, C. D. Smith & Co.
Salem, Salem Wall Paper & Carpet Co.
J. S. Douth

SANDUSKY, O. S. Alcott
Springfield, W. McCullough
Tiffin, Harvey Clothing Co.
Toledo, Wilmington & Co.
Van Wert, The Bonnewitz Co.
Warren, J. R. Davis

OKLAHOMA
Guthrie, F. O. Lutz Dry Goods Co.
Tulsa, Harlow Dry Goods Co.

OREGON
Hermiston, J. M. Scarborough
Salem, C. P. Bishop

PENNSYLVANIA
Chambersburg, The Wolf Store
Eric, Joseph Erhart
Hanover, Stewart & Shaffer
Hazleton, Wm. Olewine & Son
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.
Philadelphia, N. Snellenburg & Co.
Wm. Curry
Pittsburg, Boggs & Buhl
McCreary & Co.
Reading, Kline, Eppihimer Co.
Sharon, H. Orchard
Wilkes-Barre, Langfield Bros.

RHODE ISLAND
Newport, Henry Biesel & Sons
Providence, Callender, McAuliffe & Troup Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston, Charleston Trunk Co.
Columbia, Will Evans

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, The Olwin-Angell Co.
Sioux Falls, Cataract Book & Stationery Co.
Watertown, Watertown House Furn. Co.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga, Miller Bros. Co.
Knoxville, Spence Trunk & Leather Co.
Memphis, Bry-Block Merc. Co.
Nashville, Lebeck Bros.

TEXAS
Austin, Scarborough & Hicks
Dallas, Wilkins Trunk Co.
El Paso, B. Blumenthal & Bro.
Fort Worth, Burton Dry Gds. Co.
Houston, E. C. Smith
San Antonio, J. F. Fentiman
Waco, Sanger Bros.

UTAH
Ogden, Last & Thomas
Salt Lake City, Keith & O'Brien

VERMONT
Burlington, The Old Bee Hive
Montpelier, A. D. Farwell

VIRGINIA
Lynchburg, J. R. Milner Co.
Newport News, Meyer Bros. Co.
Norfolk, Regal Umbrella Co.
Richmond, O. H. Berry & Co.
Roanoke, S. H. Heironimus

WASHINGTON
Seattle, Frederick & Nelson
Spokane, Spokane Trunk & Grip Co.
Tacoma, Cook Trunk Co.
Walla Walla, Gardner & Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston, Coyle & Richardson
Clarksburg, The Parson Saunders Co.
Huntington, Northcott, Tate & Hagy Co.
Parkersburg, Stern Bros.
Wheeling, H. C. Franzheim Co.

WISCONSIN
Beloit, Henry & Holahan
Eau Claire, Eau Claire Trunk Co.
Fond du Lac, Musgot & Guepe
Green Bay, Jorgensen-Blesch Co.
LaCrosse, G. Herken
Madison, Chas. Wehrman
Manitowoc, Schuette Bros.
Milwaukee, McKane & Lins
Sheboygan, W. F. Sachse
Superior, Superior Hardware Co.
Wausau, Winkelman's Dept. Store

WYOMING
Gillette, W. E. McCumiskey

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

The Choice of 2000 Dealers and 200,000 Travelers

You can buy Indestructo Trunks only where good trunks are sold—2000 of the very best merchandisers in the country have sold over 200,000 Indestructo trunks in the last seven years—

These 2000 careful merchants are selling Indestructo trunks because the ready demand for Indestructo-built merchandise pays them a liberal profit; and

Because they know that every Indestructo sale means a satisfied customer for their store—

200,000 Travelers own Indestructo Trunks because they knew they were built right, priced fairly and guaranteed to travel in good condition for at least five years—

These 200,000 Travelers asked their dealers—"What will the Indestructo trunk do to save me the worry and annoyance of a cheaper and less carefully built trunk?"

And 2000 merchants emphatically replied—"Indestructo Trunks are not 'made-to-sell'—they are 'built-to-travel'—"

"You will get more miles of hard wear at the lowest cost and the least trouble than with any other trunk made"—

As a result of this unanimous recommendation 200,000 Indestructo Trunks are today giving honest service in every part of the world—

The Indestructo Idea is seven years old—but in that seven years more Indestructo trunks have been sold through more high grade merchants than any other one kind of trunk on the market—

All of which is a most excellent reason for you as a Dealer to say, "The Indestructo Trunk will be sold in my store this year";

And for you as a Traveler to make good on that promise to yourself—"The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo"—

To Travelers

It is only possible to reprint here a limited number of Indestructo dealers. Others will follow in later advertisements—If your dealer's name is shown call on him today; if not, write us today and we will gladly send it to you along with a copy of our 1913 Travel Book.

To Dealers

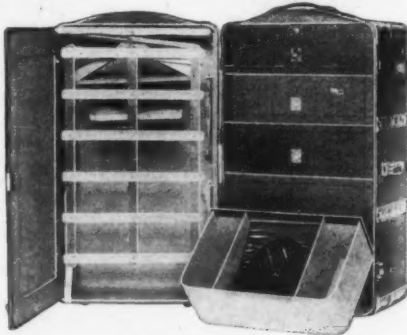
The Indestructo Plan Book is ready and waiting for you—Write today for your copy and you will read added and conclusive proof why you should join your 2000 Brother Merchants who are adding profits and prestige through Indestructo merchandise.

Factory and Main Office

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY

701 Beiger Street

MISHAWAKA INDIANA



Indestructo Wardrobe
Made in all sizes and styles. Five compartment drawer and wardrobe. Guaranteed for five years.
\$30 to \$75

Chicago Retail Branch

THE INDESTRUCTO LUGGAGE SHOP

210 Michigan Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, Jordan-Marsh Co.
London, London Harness Co.
Mark-Cross Co.
North Adams, C. H. Cutting & Co.
Northampton, W. L. Chilson
Pittsfield, W. D. B. Head
Springfield, C. W. Weeks Co.
Worcester, Denholm & McKay
Ware-Pratt Co.

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek, H. G. Parker & Son
Bay City, Broas Galloway Co.
Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co.
Jackson, L. H. Field Co.
Kalamazoo, Gilmore Bros.
Muskegon, A. Goldberg
Owosso, D. M. Christian
Port Huron, E. W. Ortenburger
Saginaw, Wm. Barie Dry Gds. Co.

MINNESOTA
Duluth, Pantan & White
Duluth Trunk Co.

Omaha, Hayden Bros.

NEVADA
Ruth, Lockhart Bros.
Tonopah, Tadich Bros.

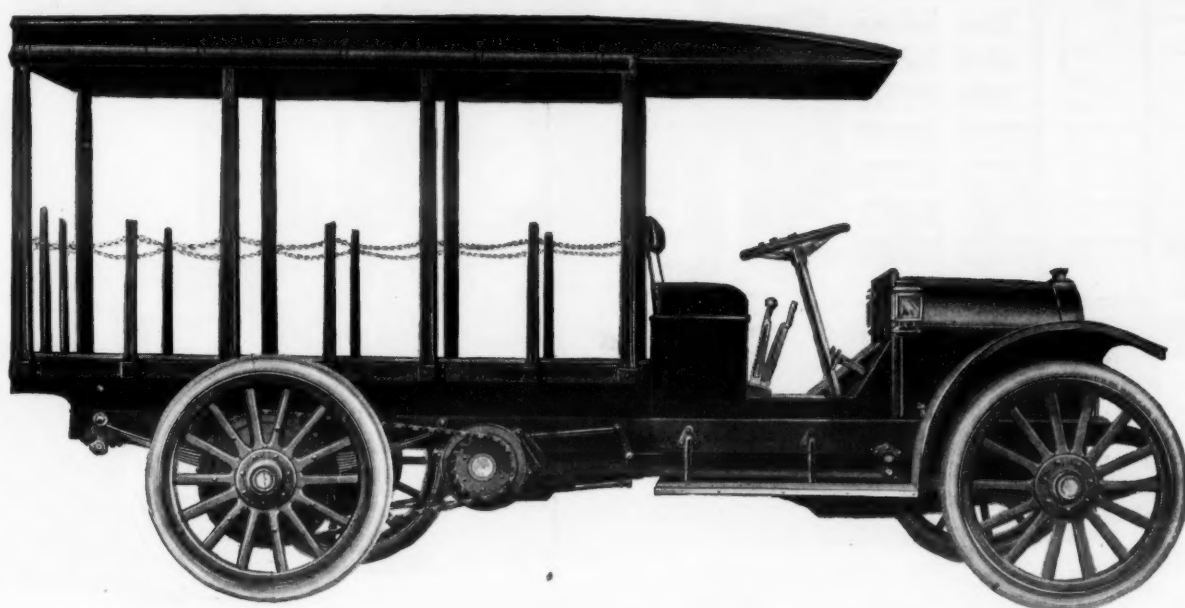
NEW JERSEY
Newark, Hahne & Co.

NEW YORK
Brooklyn, F. Loeser & Co.
Buffalo, Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Ithaca, T. D. Sullivan
New York City, Saks & Company
Mark-Cross Co.
James McCreary
Martin & Martin
Maiden Lane Trunk Co.
H. Schendel
Muller, McLean Co.
Simpson & Crawford
London Leather Goods Shoppe
Chas. W. Wolf

Niagara Falls, Butler, The Trunk Man
Poughkeepsie, Lucky, Platt & Co.
Rechester, Sibley, Lindsey & Carr



Indestructo Dreadnaught
6-ply, covered with vulcanized fibre, bound with rawhide. Fitted with Yale lock. Guaranteed for five years.
\$32.50 to \$48.50



The 3/4 Ton Utility Truck—\$1250

(Chassis Only)

THIS new Utility truck is the most practical and serviceable truck of its size ever built. It is intended for any kind of city and suburban delivery service. It works more simply, more economically, more rapidly and more effectively than most trucks of much larger size. It is a new development.

Unlike the average small truck, it is *not* a built over or a redesigned pleasure chassis. It is a real heavy truck in all of its parts, in its entire design, in its whole construction and in its economical operation. For instance, the powerful four cylinder motor is controlled by our patented governor; it cannot be driven over 18 miles an hour; it has quick demountable solid tires 36" x 3" front and 36" x 3 1/2"

rear; it has an unusually rugged pressed steel frame, doubly reinforced at points where it will receive the greatest strains; the wheelbase is 120 inches.

Throughout this truck is built on the most modern truck lines. It is made in one of the largest truck plants in the world by men who have been building successful trucks for over ten years. It is built by truck specialists.

For the merchant or manufacturer who has a whole lot of daily deliveries to be taken care of, this new Utility truck is well worth immediate investigation.

See the nearest Gramm dealer, or write us and we will send you one of our transportation experts.

Literature and transportation advice from the factory—gratis.

See this new truck at the Chicago Truck Show

Section D Coliseum

The Gramm Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

John N. Willys, President

BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS

CARRYING CAPACITY—1500 lbs.
Maximum, 2000 lbs.

REAR AXLE—Rectangular Section,
Timken bearings in hubs.

TRANSMISSION—Selective type.
Three speeds forward and one
reverse.

TIRES—Front, 36 x 3. Rear, 36 x 3 1/2.
Goodyear Solid.

BODY—Optional and extra.

MOTOR—4 cylinders 4 in. bore—4 1/2 in.
stroke. Provided with enclosed and
sealed governor.

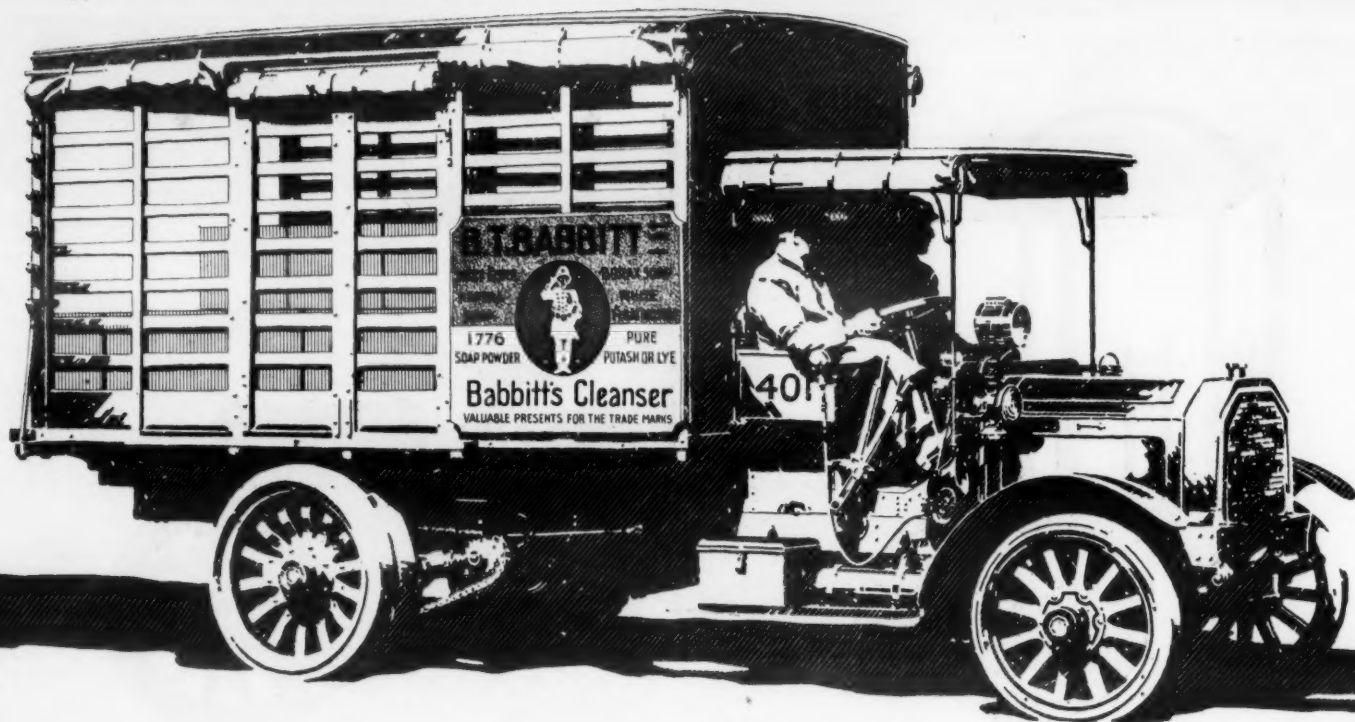
WIDTH OF FRAME—34 inches.

LOADING SPACE—Approximately, 48
inches x 96 inches.

FRONT AXLE—1-Beam Section. Tim-
ken bearings.

WHEEL BASE—120 inches.

GASOLINE CAPACITY—20 Gallons.
EQUIPMENT—Two side oil lamps. Oil
tail lamp, horn, and full set of tools.



PEERLESS TRUCKS

Travel All Roads with
Capacity Loads

SIX or seven trips between Babbitt, N. J., and New York City make the average record of this 5-ton Peerless Truck seventy-five miles a day. It hauls capacity loads in all seasons over 13 per cent grades that are difficult for horse drawn vehicles reduced to half loads. Two other Peerless Trucks are operated satisfactorily over the same route.

The Peerless Policy

Right Trucks and Right Selling states the Peerless Policy in five words. Convincing evidence of satisfactory performance is the best proof that Peerless Trucks are well built. Sales only where conditions point directly to the profitable operation of Heavy Duty Trucks is an additional safeguard to prospective purchasers.

Dealers in all prominent cities

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Makers also of Peerless Passenger Cars

Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

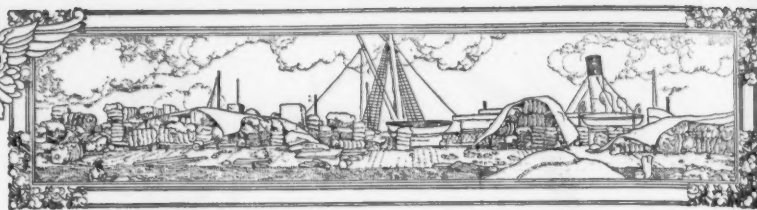
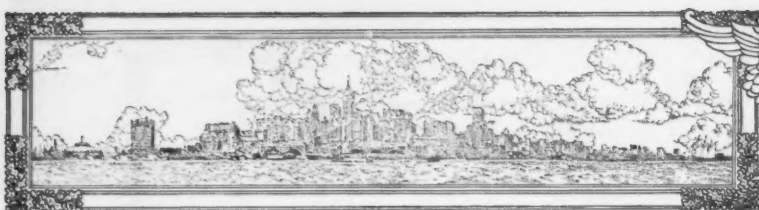
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Two Sides of the Tapestry

The visitor in Paris is almost sure to go to see the busy-fingered weavers working at the world-famous Gobelin tapestries. Seated behind their work, they weave strange zigzags in tangled threads, with no apparent pattern. But when their work is seen from the front, the design is clear and beautiful, and each new stitch, which seemed so aimless from the rear, is now seen to be adding to the lovely color-

ful picture. In the cartoon shown above, we see the front of the tapestry in the feast of plenty. The sleek prosperous diners are being surfeited with rich foods. But there would have been no jovial satiated pleasure hunters if it were not for the little group of undernourished toilers on the other side of the design. Their half-starved holiday of bitterness is the price paid for the costly celebration



The Hardest Job in America

WE WARN MR. WILSON against the interests who are trying to wish a Secretary of the Interior upon him. They are the same that planted BALLINGER on the easy-going TAFT. Their prize is big and their ways are subtle. The Interior Department is the biggest job in America, and the bottom tiers of its clerks and petty officials are honeycombed with disloyalty to the people's interests. To learn its problems and become acquainted with its personnel, four years is little enough. It is now in the hands of a man who knows the job and is known by the public. Mr. FISHER gives confidence to the East that the heritage of the people will be kept secure from thieves; at the same time his intelligent willingness to guide and help legitimate development makes him satisfactory to the West. If Mr. WILSON thinks it necessary to supplant the present Secretary, we hope it will be for a better reason than the fact that Mr. FISHER happens nominally to be Republican. The peace and success of his administration are more bound up in this than any other appointment. If Mr. WILSON thinks he can find a Secretary better prepared for bringing this huge department permanently free from thirty years' entanglement with fraud, more capable of organizing it in a way that takes account of modern views of the public lands, we wish him well. But we doubt it, and experience has made us more familiar than Mr. WILSON with the Interior Department, and the eager thieves whose tentacular toes now impinge upon its circumference.

INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

THESE WORDS concerning a recent young Warwick were printed in a news dispatch from Washington. We have ventured to bring italics to the aid of understanding:

Since election day Mr. McCOMBS has had many and important offers of retainers from influential financiers and railroad men to represent them at Washington and New York during the next four years. One retainer was for \$50,000 a year from a prominent Northwestern financier and railroad man, according to reliable information.

The "reliable information" must have come either from the Democratic national chairman himself or from the "prominent Northwestern financier and railroad man." If the latter, we should like to know the name of so conspicuous a man who has lived through twenty years of American politics without observing some very striking changes. The services of Mr. WILLIAM F. McCOMBS "at Washington and New York" during the next four years will be worth exactly the same as those of any other fairly well-equipped young lawyer, and no more.

FILCHING WATER POWER

A GOOD DEAL of the common talk of men at the present time centers about the fortunes of the political party which has just come into power after nearly twenty years of exile, and the question of how long they will maintain their hold on public favor. We find as much light as can be found anywhere on this question in an obscure paragraph in a minor newspaper, the Birmingham (Ala.) "Age-Herald":

That his company was ready to start work on a dam at Lock 18 on the Coosa River involving several million dollars was a statement of W. W. FREEMAN, managing director of the Alabama Interstate Power Company, yesterday. He said when authority was received from Congress work would begin. . . .

"We have plans all ready and waiting for the work at Lock 18," said Mr. FREEMAN yesterday. "It will be recalled that President TAFT vetoed the former franchise we secured for that work."

Pause here long enough to read the reasons TAFT gave for vetoing it:

I think . . . that it is just as improvident to grant this permit without such a reservation (i. e., a compensation to the Government) as it would be to throw away any other asset of the Government.

Now read the rest of the words of the managing director of the Alabama Interstate Power Company. The italics are ours:

"However, we have hopes of getting another bill through Congress, and the Alabama Representatives are, I am glad to say, exerting every energy to get that power for this company. . . ."

The "Alabama representatives" who are "exerting every energy" to take an enormously valuable water-power site away from the people of the United States without compensation, and give it to a corporation, include the Democratic leader of the House, OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, and Senators BANKHEAD and JOHNSTON. These men worked eagerly and openly on

the floor of the House and Senate to pass this bill before. Their present assurances to the beneficiaries of that attempted grab can have only two possible meanings: either they are going to try to pass the bill over Mr. TAFT's veto, or they are going to wait until after March 4 and trust Mr. WILSON to sign it. Our own very definite belief is that Mr. WILSON will not do this nor consciously take any other step contrary to the principles of conservation. The burden will be on UNDERWOOD's shoulders, not WILSON's, if the new President at the very beginning of the Democratic régime is forced to an issue so menacing to the party of both.

A SENSE OF HUMOR

A VERY GENTLE gentleman of our acquaintance once remarked that he supposed the world called him a reformer, but that there was no class of persons he found so hard to endure as the other reformers. Many of us feel that way. There is one rarer thing than a man who can laugh at himself—it is a man who can see the funny side of his pet cause. The antivivisectionist titters openly at the suffragette, and the enthusiastic member of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Easter Eggs roars with laughter at his neighbor of the Anti-Noise Society. But once suggest that his own cause has its amusing side, and he responds with hauteur that it is not a laughing matter in the least. Every man-made cause is human, and human nature everywhere has its incongruities. Thanks be to a beneficent Providence, those incongruities are not always tragic or pathetic. Enough of them are deeply or hilariously humorous to make this imperfect world worth reforming.

WE TRY TO BE CHEERFUL

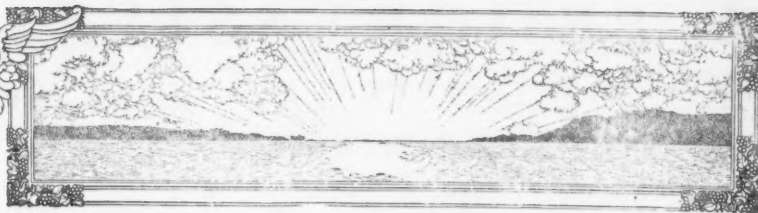
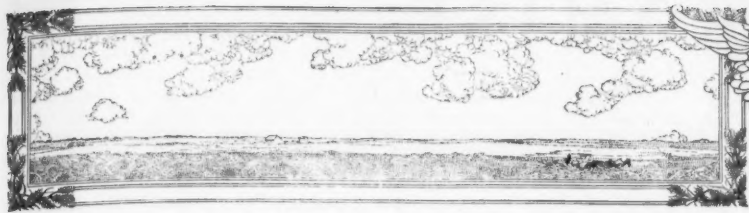
IN A RECENT ISSUE we published an editorial called "Looking for Happiness," in which we commented on the furor created in a small New Jersey town by the resolution of a certain woman's club to cease its efforts in the pursuit of culture and turn its energies to civic and moral housecleaning. We published this as an amusing example of the effect produced on a small conservative community by the introduction of any original idea however rational. We have received a very dignified but very earnest protest from the president of the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs. She considers that we have done the cause of progress an injustice by our "flippant" treatment of this particular incident. Lack of proper appreciation for the efforts of women toward broader and more useful lives and of women's organizations toward greater civic usefulness is furthest from our editorial mind. COLLIER'S has done in the past and will continue to do in the future all in its power to encourage and appreciate the progressive woman. But we still reserve the privilege of seeing the humorous side of human nature wherever it manifests itself.

ON THE OTHER HAND

IN THE ABOVE-MENTIONED communication was inclosed a pamphlet which is an unusually interesting example of the advance which women have made in the last twenty-five years. It is the program for the current year of the Shakespeare Club of Elizabeth, N. J. On the first page is a quotation from HENRY DRUMMOND, beginning: "To make cities—that is what we are here for." Among the subjects for discussion during the year are the following:

Municipal Government of Elizabeth; Public Health; the Housing Problem; Public Schools; Public Recreation; Excise Conditions; Juvenile Problems; Philanthropic Agencies in Elizabeth; the Church and Social Service; City Planning; Old-Age Pensions; Elizabeth's Foreign Population.

Except for one memorial meeting, SHAKESPEARE is not mentioned during the entire year. In 1883 the club was founded for no other purpose than to study him. There you have in perspective the evolution of the American woman through the last quarter of a century. At first her demand was for knowledge, for culture, for education. She aspired to the same chance at the wisdom of the centuries that was open to her brother. She wanted it more than he wanted it; books were her only avenue to a larger conception of the world. And she did this country an inestimable service in keeping the tradition of culture alive when the men folk were too busy breaking the frontier and opening up the resources of a continent to remember their cultivated ancestry or care for the amenities of learning. Now the battle is won, that landmark has been passed, and women are free to read, study, and discuss anything they please, from MILTON to eugenics. Now they are turning their eyes, opened by education, unprejudiced by familiarity, upon the world about them, and the world is called upon to give an account of itself. The energy that once went to acquiring wisdom is now utilized to turn that wisdom into useful public service. What women have accomplished in the last few years is amazing; what they may accomplish in the years to come defies prophecy. One thing is certain: "All this is the logical consequence of teaching girls to read."



HIDDEN PLACES

IN THE DEBATE as to whether the Government should pay the traveling expenses, to and from Washington, of the wives and families of Congressmen, these words were spoken by Hon. JAMES R. MANN of Illinois, leader of the Republican party in the House:

If it is the desire of Congress to have men come here from home and leave their families behind, that is a very good way to proceed. I would much rather have a Congress composed of members with their families here, and men living with their families in Washington, than have the families of members at home and members carousing here in Washington, because that is almost the inevitable effect. There is not a Legislature in this country, at any State capital, where members go to the Legislature for a few days in the week by themselves, and go home at the end of the week, where they transact business with the same degree of propriety and sobriety as is done in Washington, where members come and bring their families with them.

The easy and commonplace comment on this would be that Mr. MANN ought not to say this sort of thing publicly; to jeer would be easier yet, but we think a good many serious and useful reflections center about this burst of candor. In the light of the growing participation of women in public affairs, and the certainty that the success of the Progressive party is going to carry many women into Congress and the Legislatures, we are reminded of these words from JANE ADDAMS'S "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil":

As woman, however, fulfills her civic obligations while still guarding her chastity, she will be in position as never before to uphold the "single standard," demanding that men shall add the personal virtues to their performance of public duties. Women may at last force men to do away with the traditional use of a public record as a cloak for a wretched private character, because society will never permit a woman to make such excuses for herself.

These words of Miss ADDAMS by no means exhaust the possibilities for profitable reflections to be deduced from this episode.

TRIPPING A PHILOSOPHER

WHATEVER MAYOR GAYNOR has to say he says with charm and clarity. And because he talks so well he sometimes spreads information that is not wholly accurate. When he speaks about the social evil he reveals a lack of exact knowledge. It is a pity that he does not know more, because what he says is listened to not only in New York but throughout the country. Recently he gave one of his quaint direct talks to the Forum of the New York University. He said irregular relations between unmarried men and women "is not forbidden by any law here or anywhere else in the world." Actually, it is a criminal offense in thirty-nine States. Then he went on to say:

But in a few States of the Union they have a law making adultery a criminal offense. But it is a dead letter. Who is prosecuted for it? Nobody.

Actually, only three States in the Union have failed to declare adultery a crime. Reports show that conviction under both these laws is obtained in three-fourths of the States. "Vigilance," the excellent periodical of the American Vigilance Association, asks:

Why should he withhold these laws and facts from an audience which had little opportunity to discover the true state of affairs?

Mayor GAYNOR and many excellent persons may differ about the wisdom of these statutes; that is not here in question. Mayor GAYNOR should not be permitted to gain an unfair advantage for the views he happens to hold by ignoring accuracy.

A MORALS COMMISSION

NEW YORK needs some commission government right now. And, falling short of that, it needs investigation and recommendation by commission. It would be a pity to lose the excellent effects of the Becker trial and the trial of the gunmen. Five years ago such a morals commission was considered with care by Governor HUGHES. He was on the point of creating it when certain reformers presented their sincerely held views, to the effect that no more investigation was needed, that what was needed was a way out. So the agitation died away till the Becker-Rosenthal scandal revealed again that the underworld is related to the life of every citizen. Such a commission could be a municipal affair, appointed by the Mayor, or its personnel could be agreed on by a representative body of citizens. The present moral indignation will go to waste unless it is caught up into constructive action. To hasten this rapidly forming sentiment and clear the way for such action, we repeat our suggestion of five years ago, namely, a commission composed of EDWARD T. DEVINE of Columbia University; LILLIAN WALD of the Nurses' Settlement; FRANCES KELLOR of the State Immigration Commission; GEORGE W. ALGER, lawyer; ROBERT DE FOREST, lawyer and publicist; F. WHITIN of the Committee of Fourteen; GEORGE J. KNEELAND, attorney of the Chicago Vice Commission and of the American Vice Association; JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., chairman.

MANUFACTURING HEALERS

MR. ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG is the editor of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) "Herald," and Mr. RUSSELL GORE is the editor of the "Press" in the same city. Both have youth and enthusiasm, as well as ability and ideals. Can they not, between them, earn the gratitude of the rest of the country by turning the light of publicity on the diploma factory which operates in their city under the title "National College Chiropractic." The literature with which this quack institution lures the unscrupulous to prey upon the ignorant includes these sentences:

You are welcome to finish the course in five days, or to devote two months to it if you wish.

If you will send us the entire amount, \$25, at once, we will be very glad to send you the complete course of fifty lessons, and as soon as you have answered all the questions we will graduate you.

The price . . . includes one of our handsome lithographed diplomas; . . . it is in appearance almost the same as the best medical college diplomas.

A person of ordinary ability ought to be able to make at least \$100 per week in the practice, if he does advertising liberally, as it only requires a very few minutes to give the treatment, and the chiropractic doctors usually charge from \$1 to \$2 per treatment.

Grand Rapids ought to be too good a town to harbor such a predatory outfit as this. Another city which is the home of diploma factories, doing a "get-wise-quick" business, is Washington, D. C., the laws of which are passed by Congress.

A SCENE OF COMFORT

THE CLUB CAR on the five-hour New York special from Washington is a comfortable place of a winter evening. The soft, red-leather seats are made for tired statesmen and financiers. Of all the cozily placed gentlemen at leisure the other evening, none was more at ease in his blue aura of cigar smoke than Mr. FRANCIS X. BUTLER. He looked as sleek and well fed and companionable as ever, and yet it was only a few months ago that he received a prison sentence of two years. That was converted into a suspended sentence, which is the same as saying: "You're not as bad as some of the rest, but walk warily for the rest of your days." Mr. BUTLER is the man who helped to rob the public by means of fraud in United Wireless. And the branding of him and of his partners by the Federal Court was one of the many useful jobs put through on the brotherhood of swindlers by the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice. Another deft but tardy job of the Post Office Department is wrecking the Sterling Debenture Corporation. This was perhaps the most gorgeous palace of all the get-rich fairyland. And MIDDLEBROOK and SHUMAKER were master magicians in that pink blur of unreality. It is a service of value to ruin and blacken men like BUTLER and those two word artists by a prison sentence, for never afterward can the young men who have watched their happy progress feel that crooked work, if done on a big scale, is invariably successful. Such men as MIDDLEBROOK and SHUMAKER and BUTLER may return to their life of luxury and continue to live softly in the sunshine, but some of the dazzle and the prestige have been wiped away from their career.

THE SEEING EYE

IT IS PERMITTED even the best of us to win through but rarely to the brief and rounded beauty of a Greek epigram. And we think that the gifted FRANKLIN P. ADAMS has seldom touched suggestion so deftly in seventeen words as when, just before holiday week, he wrote:

You could look on many a heart and find inscribed thereon: "Not to be Opened Till Christmas."

THE POET

IT IS HIS PART to tell of the excellence of the creation, the wistfulness of life that struggles to be free. He knows that we cannot perish as the grasses wither and as the fairness of spring is scorched. For in us is a little of that which moves through the seasons and the ongoing of the systems. Over the grasses it hovers as a breath. They are breathed on and are glad, but they do not possess what man possesses of the creative spirit. And the poet tells us so by every song he sings. Before his eye, as he gazes at the outer world, ever and again the painted curtain is rolled up like a scroll. Dim eyed and amazed, he peers into vastness. Under his possession he trembles as in first love. With pain and halting, the vision is unfolded into the words of his song. As one who would cherish fire in a wind-swept place, so his small heart of flame and sweetness is buffeted and stricken.

TO SUCH AS ARE INTERESTED

THOSE OF OUR READERS who believe this paper is useful will share our satisfaction that the number of new subscribers to it, and the amount of business done by P. F. Collier & Son, were greater during the last week of 1912 than during any other week of the firm's history.

A PROGRESSIVE PROMISE

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE



It Is that Progressivism Will End Sectionalism, Lifting a Barrier which Has Divided Our Common Country Into Two Hostile Geographical Divisions, Uniting in a Common Party the Liberals of the South and the Liberals of the North

THE Progressive viewpoint is national, affirmative, constructive, up to date. We would destroy sectionalism, unite the country, and make the only division among the American people the wholesome one of sincere and opposing opinion on present-day questions. We view the Constitution as a living thing and study to find in it the power to do what must be done for the general welfare instead of searching to find in it excuses for not doing what the common good demands. We think that that great group of economic and sociological questions which confront the modern world must be answered in terms of humanity rather than in terms of dollars and cents alone. We would apply the reasonable and modern social idea to present-day problems instead of the extreme and old-time individualistic idea, whose misuse has made these problems so hard to solve and even to understand. We say that the partnership of dishonest capital and corrupt politics must be done away with and the Government freed from this antipublic influence. We look upon our country, its needs, its opportunities, and its promise from the viewpoint of the present and the future, not the past.

An unnatural sectionalism cuts our country into two geographical portions politically. The South is solidly anti-Republican. The foundation of this sectionalism is historic. It is upheld by sad and bitter memories. What the people of the South went through personally during the Civil War is renewed daily in their recollection by their very surroundings. What they suffered while carpet-bag misuse was upon them is a living picture which is still clear-cut in the minds even of the young men and women of the South. And all of this is interwoven in the very fiber of their being with the word Republican. It is useless to say that this ought not to be so when it really is so. It is the biggest and most striking fact in our political life. It is the first thing that foreign students note. It looms large in the thought and common talk of all thinking Americans.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS HELPLESS

EVERY patriotic man and woman, North, South, East, or West, is eager to get rid of this abnormal and hurtful sectionalism. Yet all of us know that we cannot put an end to it as long as the Republican and Democratic parties are rivals for political mastery. So long as the Republican party stays in the field, the people of the South will be against it. Taking human nature into account, no reasonable person could expect anything else.

The Republican party itself is brought face to face with this evil within its own councils. So-called Republican Southern delegations time and again have wielded a power in Republican conventions which settled contests for Republican nominations for President, disputes as to Republican platforms, and differences as to the policy and tendency of the party. Yet these delegations come from States which never did or will cast an electoral vote for a Republican candidate for President, except in the period of the carpet-bag rule. They come from States showing hardly a trace of Republican ballots at any election. They do not stand for the views of the people where they live. They are mere pawns in the hands of spoils-handling politicians, who move them hither and yon as these manipulators think best for the little and selfish game they play. And these politicians—owners of such delegations—in turn are used by Northern Republican politicians to play their bigger and more dishonest game. Not only is all this well known to the whole country, but it is the subject of angry and bitter comment by Republican delegates from other States at every Republican national convention.

Indeed, so grave has this matter become that formal notice has been taken of it in at least three Republican conventions. Yet the only remedy which the most fruitful minds in that party have been able to suggest is the practical shutting out of these Southern States from Republican councils. Thus the Republican party itself admits that it is powerless to put an end to this harmful sectionalism, but proposes to strengthen that sectionalism by practically disfranchising the Southern States in party deliberations.

Of course the Democratic party does not want to destroy this condition. For so long as one great geographical portion of the land is solidly against the Republican party, Democratic politicians can count on a solid vote for Democratic candidates for President as

well as a practically solid body of Representatives and Senators in Congress from that section. With this heavy advantage given them without effort, they are free to bring all their resources to bear on other parts of the country. Indeed, it is almost enough to carry an election for the Democratic managers to deal only with those bad but powerful Democratic organizations which infest Northern cities. Thus the good men and women of the South find themselves bound by this sectionalism to such bodies of death in the North as Tammany Hall.

It is plain that this situation gives those great anti-public interests, whose misuse of their power has raised many of the most serious of the questions that vex the country, their opportunity in both parties. If any movement for sound reform gets strong enough to promise success in the Republican party, the Republican political



"Stand aside, boys; give him air"
From the Newark "Evening News"

agents of these interests at once hold up to party men within the Republican party the danger of Democratic success, through the allied solid South and Northern Tammany Halls, unless all who call themselves Republicans "get together for the party"—which means the checking of the reform movement. Thus the pull of party name and the fear of party defeat are held in the one hand by these clever men and the whip of party regularity is held in the other; and so the party, as such, is driven about where these antipublic interests would have it go.

DEMOCRATIC SOLIDARITY BLOCKS SOUTH'S PROGRESS

ON THE other hand, because of the Southern solidarity of the Democratic party no genuine reform movement is allowed to make such headway in the South. For no matter what Southern men and women think on present-day questions, this sectionalism forces them to go on being Democrats; and so, without any fear of a strong opposing party to check them, Southern Democratic politicians proceed without much hindrance with their routine program. Thus it has come about that the same forces which have used the Republican party to its undoing are in practical control of the political machinery of most Southern States. The truth of this is shown whenever the Democratic party gets into power; and it also has been shown whenever Democratic and Republican progressives get together to put through a big and real reform measure. For in the latter case powerful Democratic Senators and Congressmen from the South aid the forces of reaction and often save the day for them.

Unhappy as these results of sectionalism are, they are not the worst. By keeping Southern men and women from stating their real thoughts in terms of votes on the big questions of the time, sectionalism is a drawback to thorough study and hard thinking upon these

subjects by the people of that section. The loss which this causes the nation cannot be measured; for the people of the South have a peculiar taste and special aptitude for public questions. It is their temperament and genius. So much is this their natural bent that, although sectionalism is a dead weight upon Southern intellect, yet, in spite of it, Southern men and women are thinking strongly and well upon questions of to-day. And if they could freely express their views upon vital modern problems, and thus have their thought stimulated instead of repressed and their study made fruitful instead of sterile of results, a mighty force of mind and conscience would be brought to bear upon these problems of which the nation cannot now avail itself.

The citizens of our Southern States are just as earnest progressives and as staunch reactionaries as are the citizens of any other section of the Republic; but sectionalism forces those Southern progressives and reactionaries alike to vote with the Democratic party, no matter what either party says that it stands for. If the Republican party should openly and frankly say that it is reactionary, still Southern reactionaries would not vote for it; and if one could imagine that some miracle could make the Republican party thoroughly progressive, yet Southern progressives would not vote for it. But Southern progressives will work and vote with the Progressive party. In the last election tens of thousands of them did so. And they are of the very best elements of Southern citizenship—men and women of the quality of Mr. Parker of Louisiana, General McDowell of Tennessee, Mr. Harris of Georgia, and Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the great Confederate general. This notable Progressive vote cast by this type of citizenship for a party only ninety days old, which Southern progressives could not be sure was more than a fleeting answer to their cherished hopes, is proof that that vote will be multiplied in coming elections when other Southern progressives learn that the Progressive party is a living, growing force in American politics.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY IS FOR SOUTH AND NORTH

SO THE Progressive party surely will break up this sectional blockade of true Americanism which so long has cut our common country into two hostile geographical sections. Human nature does not lift a barrier between the Southern citizen and the Progressive party as it does between him and the Republican party. There are no sacred traditions to be overcome, no bitter memories to be blotted out, to enable men and women of the South to come into the Progressive party. Also, the Progressive party is a frankly and openly liberal party, with clean-cut progressive principles stated in plain terms that express what Southern as well as all other progressives believe. This is not true of either of the old parties, whose platforms, to-day more than ever, have that shifty, vague, vote-catching character, which does not make either of them frankly and plainly progressive on the one hand or frankly and plainly reactionary on the other.

Plain as it is that the Progressive party will end this sectionalism, which the two old parties keep alive, it is, if possible, even plainer that we cannot go on with two parties, neither of which are wholly reactionary or conservative, nor yet wholly radical or liberal. Not only are we the only country having free institutions where political action is settled by geography, but also we are the only country which does not have a frankly and distinctly liberal party with clean-cut liberal principles and a plain liberal program opposed by a frankly and distinctly conservative party with clean-cut conservative principles and a plain conservative program.

Will anybody tell us why men and women who hold to the same general principles and think alike on broad policies should not be able to vote so as to make their votes stand for what they believe in? Yet they are not able to do so through the Democratic and Republican parties. Both of these old parties frame their platforms, make their appeals, distribute their literature, and coach their speakers so as to get men and women who have voted the party ticket in the past to keep on voting it, although these party voters hold radically different opinions on fundamentals. In this effort to make the party name mean everything to everybody who once belonged to the party, the two old parties have come really to mean nothing to anybody.

Can anything be more ridiculous than the spectacle of Mr. Barnes and Mr. La Follette, both voting the same ticket, each declaring that he is the true Republican and

"There are no sacred traditions to be overcome, no bitter memories to be blotted out, to enable men and women of the South to come into the Progressive party"



the other an apostate? It is even more laughable to see Mr. Bryan marching to the polls with one arm through that of Mr. Murphy on his right and the other through that of Mr. Sullivan on his left, all voting the Democratic ticket, Mr. Bryan loudly shouting that of the three he alone is the real Democrat, while Mr. Murphy and Mr. Sullivan as vigorously declare that Mr. Bryan is a renegade from the faith of the fathers. Yet that is just what we do see at every election. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Fitzgerald in the House, and Mr. Martin and Mr. Simmons in the Senate, are much more in accord with Mr. Mann and Mr. Root than with such Democratic leaders as have progressive tendencies.

In every State reactionary Republicans who believe firmly that progressive Republicans not only will ruin the party but the country as well, and who have become bitter in that belief, and Republican progressives who think just as earnestly that the Republican reactionaries not only will kill the party but lead the nation along the fatal path that ends in revolution, yet join hands on election day, gayly march to the polls together, and vote the same ticket. And each is able to justify his action to his conscience by saying to himself that in reality his party platform means what each would like to have it mean. For, to meet this very emergency, the platforms have been made so that both the reactionary and the progressive can read into it his own ideas between the lines. And always, of course, there is the appeal of the "tendency of the party," which means one thing to one party man and the exact opposite to another party man. Men like Barnes, Lodge, Penrose, and Root are able to convince themselves that the "tendency of the party" is conservative; and men like La Follette are able to convince themselves that the "tendency of the party" is radical. And, of course, all of this is true in even a greater degree, as events soon will show, of reactionaries and progressives within the Democratic party.

CONFUSION IN THE OLD PARTIES

ALSO, what both Democratic and Republican stump speakers say in different States is comic in the contrast. If a Democratic and a Republican stump speaker were to go together into Iowa or Kansas, each would declare that the party for which he was speaking is a model of progressivism; and if the same men went to Rhode Island, each would declare that the party for which he spoke is the true exponent of conservatism. Contrast the editorials of a Republican newspaper in Wisconsin with those of a Republican newspaper in Boston. If one should read the columns of a Democratic newspaper in Oklahoma and then read those of a Democratic newspaper in New York, one would think that these journals belonged not only to different political parties but to political parties on uncompromising war with one another. Yet each paper would resent a statement that it is not Democratic, although each declares that the other is not Democratic.

Thus an impenetrable confusion is created within the membership of both old parties, and, as long as those parties remain as they are, in American political thought itself. The immediate results of this are similar to and as hurtful as the results of that sectionalism which the two old parties nourish. For while the progressives in the two old parties seldom get together to put through a great progressive measure or make good a progressive policy, the reactionaries of both parties usually can be counted upon to act together in emergencies. The great material forces of reaction in this country are those unjust financial powers which care nothing for any political party except as they can use it for their purposes; and they always act as a unit. They are well disciplined, well organized, ably generated. And they have got along very well with these warring elements within both old parties as they stand.

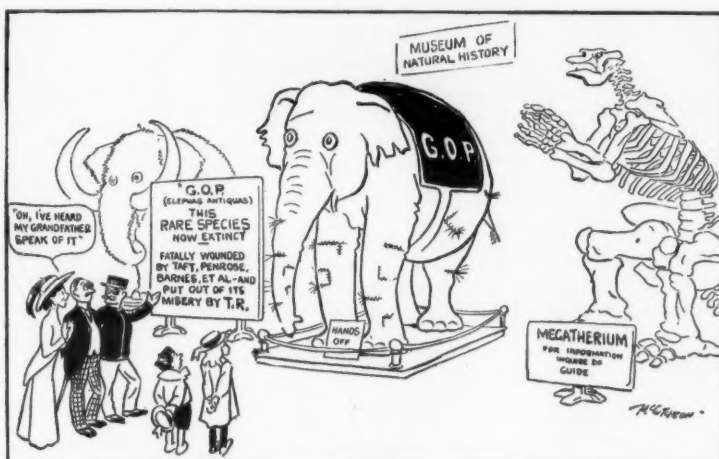
THE CORRUPT ALLIANCE AND THE BOSS SYSTEM

THIS state of party confusion and uncertainty has made the way easy for that alliance between dishonest business and corrupt politics which is such a disgraceful and hurtful feature of American life. The boss system and the federated antipublic interests which employ the bosses to get the bad laws they want and prevent the good laws they do not want are shielded—even encouraged—by the political chaos which the two old parties have created. And this conspiracy against honest government and the welfare of the American people can be overturned only by making American political parties stand for distinct and opposing principles, policies, and programs, and by giving the people themselves power over their laws and public servants, as the Progressive party purposes to do through the initiative, referendum, and recall.

So not only from abstract reasoning but from practical considerations of the present moment must the American people have a new and an honest party alignment. We must have a frankly reactionary or conserva-

tive party and a frankly progressive or liberal party in America. This is the only natural, honorable, and right-thinking way by which citizens should determine their political action. This is the method by which the people of other free countries are divided into political parties. Until late years this has been the rule of political cleavage in this country.

But now when a historic group of modern questions has arisen, compelling opposing views as to their treatment, we find substantially no difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, although there is the widest possible difference of thought and conviction between separate wings of both of these parties. So American conditions demand two distinctly and sin-



A curiosity for future generations
From the Chicago "Tribune"

cerely opposing political parties to-day more than ever before.

Neither of the old parties can become the liberal or progressive party of America. The spirit in which they read the Constitution, their idea of the powers of the Government—indeed, their theory of society itself—prevent this. Those who are now the leaders and the spokesmen of the two old parties have the same constitutional viewpoint. Their idea of the functions of government are largely identical. Also both of them hold to the outgrown, extreme, and savage individualistic theory of the social order. When changed conditions call for some great new measure to make those conditions helpful instead of oppressive to all the people, these old party leaders search the Constitution with a microscope to find some pretext for not putting that measure on the statute books. Their mental attitude is not "How can we do this needed thing?" but "How can we get out of doing it?"

They do not think that the powers of the people's government grow with the people's growth and strengthen with the people's strength in order to do the people's greater work. On the contrary, they think that those powers should stay just where they were in the nation's infancy. And when the people's firm demand that the powers of the Government shall be used for the people's well-being makes the old party leaders act, they do so unwillingly and use those powers feebly and falteringly. But unless forced to do so they will not use those powers at all—indeed, if they possibly can, they deny their existence.

This is shown in almost every session of Congress. There are many recent examples. All will remember the long and hard fight against the railway law of 1906, which was passed finally only when the public demand became so great that it could not be denied; and even then the proposed measure was so mutilated that its imperfections have called for amendments ever since. Another notable example is that of the meat-inspection law passed under the same circumstances, but fiercely opposed by both Democratic and Republican leaders as unconstitutional. And remember that, while now and then the people's cry for reform becomes so strong as to compel the old parties to answer it in a half-hearted fashion, they succeed far more often in denying the relief for which the people pray. Many examples of this nonaction are to be found in such subjects as the tariff, trusts, child labor, conservation, and indeed almost every one of the great questions of the time.

In the last few years there has been a marked swinging back to the Calhoun theory of States rights by the leaders of both old parties. So striking has been this constitutional countermarch that it has drawn astonished comment from the ablest foreign students of American institutions and American development. We have heard of late years heavy and heated arguments for extreme State rights from contemporary Republican leaders exactly opposite to the constitutional views of the founders of that party, which views were once vital parts of the Republican faith. Indeed, the understanding of the doctrine of State rights now held by both Democratic and Republican leaders is much more in accord with that of Henry, Quincy, and Calhoun than that of Washington, Jackson, and Webster.

The Progressive constitutional viewpoint is that our fundamental law has the vitality of growth. We do not regard the Constitution as a ball and chain upon American progress, keeping the people from doing those things which their prosperity, safety, and general advancement so plainly call for. The Progressive viewpoint is that the Constitution was made for the people, not the people for the Constitution. We look upon it as a vital ordinance under which the people can work out, in orderly fashion, the problems which their development creates.

MORE DEMOCRACY IS THE REMEDY

OUR view is the one so many times laid down by the Supreme Court itself in its best considered and historic opinions, such as it rendered in the case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, the *Legal Tender Cases*, the *Lottery Case*, and others of like character and scope. We read the Constitution expecting to find and trying to find ample authority to answer successfully every really national question by the exercise of national power. We think that, instead of the people's liberties being endangered by the common sense of all the people acting through their general government, those liberties are to be guarded and strengthened only by such united popular action. We believe that the sanest, safest, purest force in the Republic is the combined intelligence and composite conscience of the whole people.

Going still deeper into the philosophy of government and of life itself, the Progressive party believes that the only remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy. We think it absurd that the accident of sex should give political rights to half of us and deny it to the other half; therefore, we are for equal suffrage for men and women. Since our laws already are the people's laws in theory, we think it only logical to make them so in fact; therefore, we are for the initiative and referendum. Since public officials already in theory are the people's servants, we would make them such in reality; therefore, we are for the recall.

Of course, all who really believe in free government would be for all these things if only they had faith in the people's good sense and sound judgment. We Progressives do have that faith. We see no upset of American institutions in these proposed advances in popular government; on the contrary, we believe that they are only a stage in the normal and logical growth of our institutions. As such, we Progressives think that they strengthen American institutions and make them more healthful. And, of course, all students know that this forward march of popular government is not nearly so radical, considering changed conditions and the state of the world, as were any of the steps the fathers took toward liberty in their time. What they did then was a departure; what we mean to do now is only a development.

THE VIEWPOINT

IT IS from these broad points of view that the Progressive party looks upon all those problems which now face the country.

On those great economic questions, such as the tariff and the trusts, the progressive idea is the modern idea. It is the viewpoint of all present-day authorities on these subjects—the view-

point of the great body of up-to-date business men, foreign as well as American, who want to see all business done honestly and business conditions made steady and healthful.

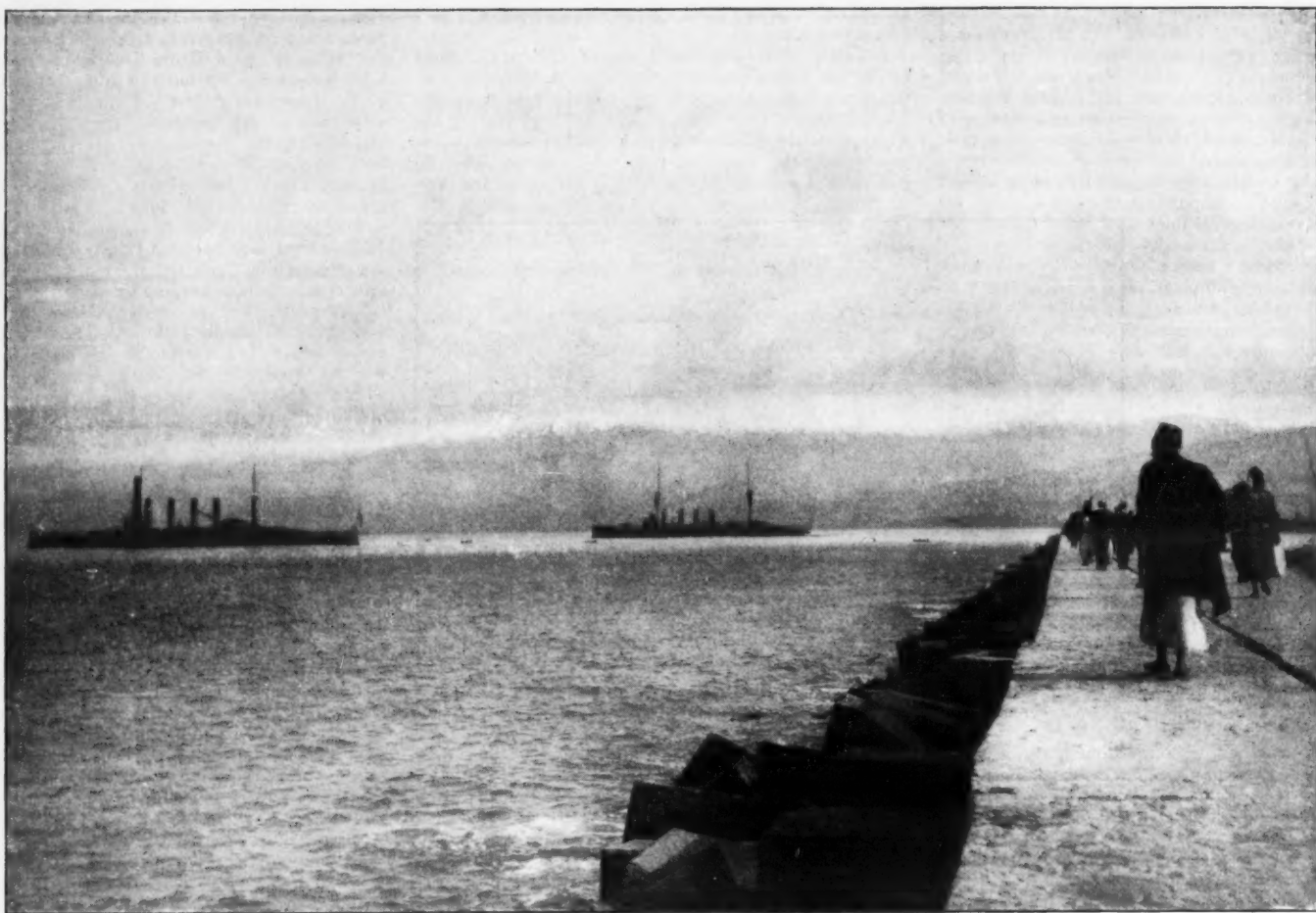
The Sherman law as it stands has proved its uselessness as a remedy for trust evils, through a quarter of a century of vexatious and disappointing trials. No informed man anywhere now thinks it possible or desirable to prevent great organizations of industry; everybody knows that the fundamental cause of this commercial phenomenon is found in the operation of resistless eco-



The Bull Moose Looms Big for the Future

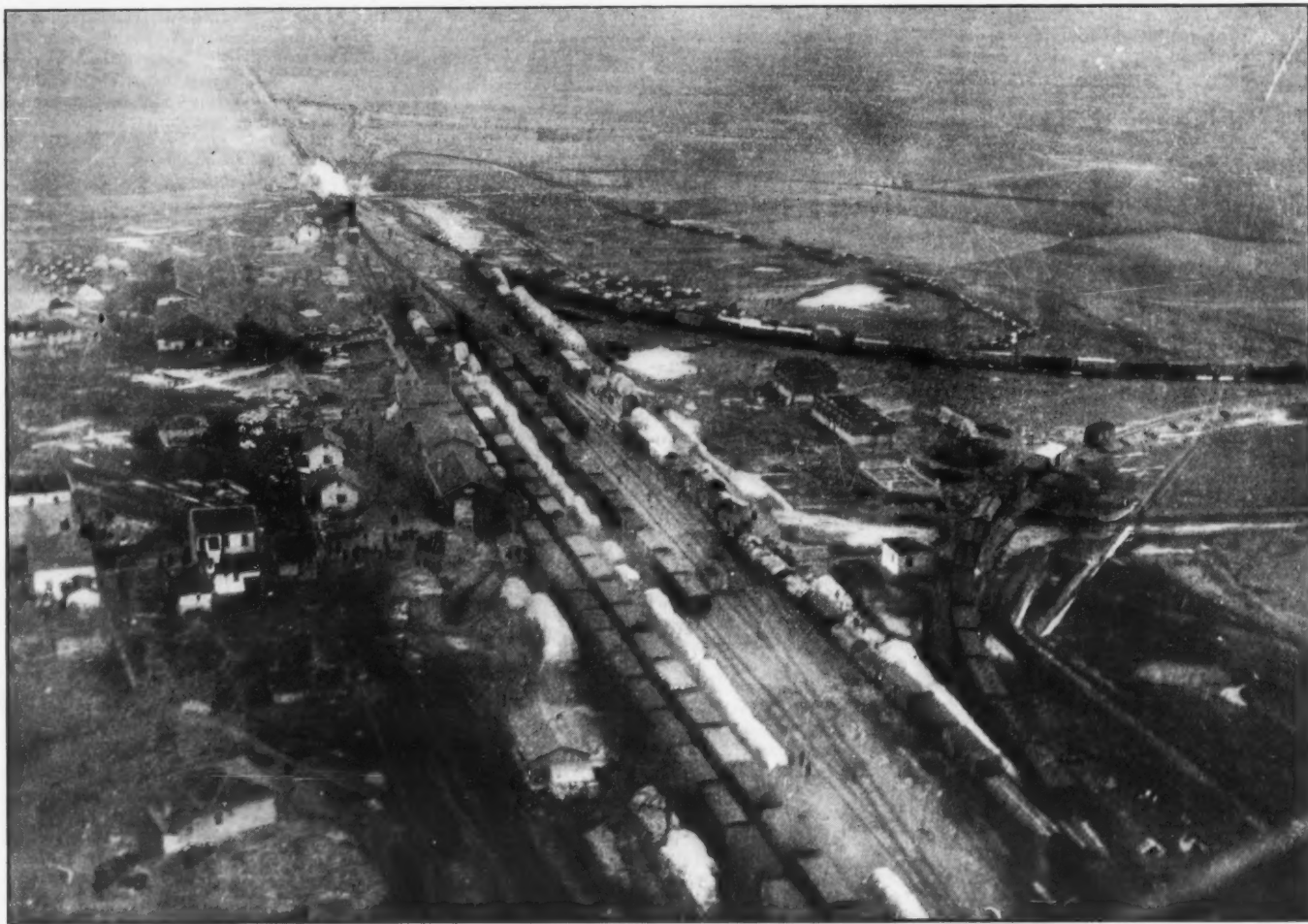
The Progressive party, having obtained more votes for its Presidential ticket than the Republican party, captures second place, in its first campaign

From the Cleveland "Leader"



An International Naval Guard for the Missionaries

The U. S. S. Montana, H. M. S. Defence, and the French cruiser Jules Ferry are lying outside Beirut, Syria, a warning to the Turk of quick displeasure to come if violent hands are raised against the missionaries within the Turkish boundaries. Thus far the missionaries have been unmolested. The Tennessee, companion to the Montana, is stationed at Smyrna. The Lebanon mountains are seen in the background of the photograph



Adrianople from an Aeroplane

The station and lines of tracks through the city were crowded with transport trains all through the war. Although the aeroplanes were fired at continually the shells burst several hundred yards below them, and they were unharmed. The photographer who took this picture said: "It was a very bad day for taking photographs, and in any case one has to be very careful when using films on an aeroplane, because if tabs of paper flutter on to the engine the machine may be brought down." This disastrous result would, of course, be due to the paper becoming entangled in the mechanism, blocking it

Constantinople

By
GEORGE MARVIN

COLLIER'S was able to send Mr. Marvin as its representative with the United States relief squadron, the cruisers *Tennessee* and *Montana*, which was dispatched by the Government to guard the interests of America and Americans in Constantinople and the Turkish provinces at a time when the world feared that Turkey would be unable to protect foreigners, particularly missionaries, within its bounds. Mr. Marvin arrived at the Turkish capital at an opportune moment, and he now shares his interesting impressions with the readers of COLLIER'S.

PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE, December 10, 1912.

THIS morning for the first time literally in two weeks the sun shines over the Golden Horn and the beleaguered capital of Islam which it divides. Seen from my window, high up on the Galata side, Stamboul, across the way, glows like one great opal in its morning mists and smoke, giving back glints of rose and purple and gold from dim mosques and half-revealed serais against the early light. Yesterday it was a gray and muddy metropolis of troubled gloom. This morning it is the city of a shining peace.

And dominating the city the huge mass of Santa Sofia, relieved by tapering minarets, lifts up a still persistent Crescent on its dome. There is something serenely defiant about that emblem. With only a few miles of Europe left to him, crowded down with his back to the Bosphorus, the beaten but unconquered Turk lifts this symbol of his faith in the sky. A month ago a plague of correspondents cherished the hope of being present when the Cross supplanted the Crescent on Santa Sofia. In the back of their minds clung a vision of the allies marching in triumph through this ancient seat of empires, and prophetically they beheld themselves in that not impossible hour, as dramatic as anything in all history, witnesses of the conclusion of



Major Ford, an American army surgeon, and the cholera specialists of the Egyptian Red Crescent—a photograph taken at the cholera camp

the Last Crusade. It might very well have happened that way. A little less obstinacy on the part of the Turk, a little more teamwork toward the last on the part of the allies—the Chatalja lines were not impregnable, and as peacemakers they were much less formidable than distraction north of the Danube and the disunion brought to light at the taking of Salonica! We might very well have had the telling of that story: of how Ferdinand and the princes of the Balkan States—old Nicholas, Kara Peter, and George of Greece, with their generals glittering around them—bowed their victorious heads in the first Christian mass celebrated, after nearly five centuries of Islam, in the "Great Church" of Justinian.

It would have made magnificent copy! But it was not to be, not now and, in all probability, not in this generation. Whatever details the almost unpronounceable delegates may arrange in the negotiations in London the Crescent will continue to dominate the Bosphorus for the indefinite future.

So the correspondent—and his name in the last days of November was legion—has sold his horse for what he could get, packed his cameras and kit, and one by one departed sorrowing. Every other kind of man and woman is still well represented in this December city, but the genus correspondent has faded out of the moving picture, leaving behind him an extra degree of peace.

SAVOFF AND NAZIM PASHA—GRIM PEACEMAKERS

THE Ottoman delegates, Rechid Pasha, Osman Nizami Pasha, and Salih Pasha, are off for the London conference. Just a week ago to-night two of those same men, Osman Nizami and Rechid, with General Nazim Pasha, concluded the armistice with the Bulgars at Chatalja which stopped all the fighting and, in all probability, concluded this war. Over dinner tables at the embassies and legations and in polyglot gatherings at



Dominating the city, the huge mass of Santa Sofia lifts up a still persistent Crescent on its dome

the clubs people are still talking of that strange scene: The first-class railway carriage with locomotive attached, a flat car with its white flag pushed ahead, stationary on the bridge over the Karadere, the "Black River," which flows midway between the opposing lines. It was eight o'clock and a dark, rainy night on the 3d of December when the agreement was reached. In the blackness of the Kara marshes the lights of that solitary treaty coach glowed warmly, watched from muddy trenches and wind-swept redoubts by thousands of unseen witnesses. On the Turkish side a few fitful fires indicated the advanced positions of infantry lines whose occupants had grown careless with the cold and secure in the cessation of active hostilities. From the westward hills above Chatalja, Bulgarian searchlights felt suspiciously down their eastern slopes toward the neutral ground of the conference, where long white fingers reached out to meet them from Turkish operators on the heights around Hadekeui. Inside the coach, when the papers were signed, General Savoff and Nazim Pasha, whose exhausted armies had fought each other to a standstill almost within sight of the coveted city, stood up, and with their colleagues, Daneff, Rechid, and the rest, shook hands in complete silence before they parted, the Bulgars to trudge back over the damaged trestle, the Turks to be pushed homeward by their locomotive until the moving lights of their now famous coach, winding through the hollows of the hills, were finally lost around a projecting shoulder.

THE TURKS VIOLATE THE ARMISTICE

PRACTICALLY everyone here in Constantinople—Turks, Levantines, and Europeans—is convinced that the war is finished—but not everybody. One of the clauses in that dramatic Karadere protocol provides that both sides during the armistice shall remain in *statu quo* as of December 3. But you may be perfectly sure that this clause at least is being sincerely disregarded by both sides. I happened to run across a good instance of the Ottoman disregard on Sunday. Coming back from lunch on one of the warships in the Bosphorus, I was put ashore at the arsenal quay, and, noticing a good deal of activity inside, got past the sentry and found a lot of artillerymen busily assembling two mountain batteries of new Creusot guns.

While I was watching these operations a Turkish major, who was directing the work, came up and spoke to me in English, presuming, I suppose, that, as I had come ashore in a British launch, I must, therefore, be one of H. R. M.'s naval officers in mufti. He was a fine, six-foot, black-browed fighting man, and, in spite of his very smart modern appearance in long gray military coat, astrakhan fez, and high polished boots, he dated my thoughts back to the wild fifteenth-century years of Turkish conquest, hand to hand in the mêlée of turban and scimitar, chain mail, and battle ax. As he seemed very

during the Armistice

communicative, I let him continue in his harmless supposition as to my identity. These two batteries under his command, he explained, were part of a newly organized artillery division of eighteen batteries, seventy-two French guns all told. As fast as each battery was assembled, it was given two or three days of hard drill at the barracks to accustom the men to their new pieces, and then run out by train and set up in position on the Chatalja lines. This information of Major O—I have since verified from a reliable European military authority.

TURKISH POSITION NOW A THIRD STRONGER

THERE is no doubt that, should hostilities be resumed, the Bulgars will find the Turkish first positions from Derkos on the north of the peninsula to Biyuk-Chekmedje on the south from thirty to forty per cent stronger in intrenchments and guns than they were on the night of December 3. Between Chatalja and the city, moreover, as is not generally known, two strong secondary lines of defense are being constantly extended and strengthened. The extreme left of the inner line, resting on the village of San Stefano, I have myself seen. The natural gun positions provided by a rolling country of knolls and hummocks are being improved, and infantry trenches of the most modern type, impossible to enfilade, have been dug, drained, and covered. The Turks are taking no more chances. They have learned their lesson. More than eight hundred guns are now in position between the Bulgarian outposts and the Adrianople gate of the city, and a conservative estimate places the number of effective troops massed on the defensive between Chatalja and Stamboul at not less than 160,000. And these men, remember, are not the half-starved, unofficered, disorganized regiments which were driven like weary and bewildered sheep out of Thrace. Nearly every day you can hear the bugles of the new draft playing seasoned Nizam regiments from Asia Minor through the city, to take the places of thousands of sick, wounded, and exhausted men constantly being weeded out from the front and sent back to the mosques, the hospitals, or the reconcentration camps.

It is a pitiful sight to see a detachment of these poor wretches plodding wearily through Stamboul, generally two or three hundred of them together, like a great animated rag carpet of gray and muddy yellow, doggedly splitting traffic over the slimy cobbles. What is left to them of their kit they carry like peddlers slung in bags of all shapes and sizes over their shoulders or under their arms. Their Mausers have been left at Chatalja for men fit to use them. There is nothing military about these motley companies. Under their fantastically twisted service bashlyks, made of the same cheap gray cloth as their German overcoats, gaunt, bearded faces peer at you calmly, more like pictures of the prophets in old Bibles than warriors coming from battle.

FRENCH-TRAINED MEN AND GUNS WERE BEST

BUT the interview with Major O—, my friend of the Crimean brow and the Merry Widow boots, was productive of another interesting line of thought. He was very keen about his new Creusot guns, a type of ordnance he had become familiar with during two years with the French army, as compared with the Krupp artillery which the German-taught Turks have been using hitherto. One of the British military attachés here, an artillery expert, who has had exceptional opportunities of witnessing the long-range fighting around Adrianople, at Lule Burgas, and in the first days at Chatalja, is of the opinion that these engagements have not, as is generally supposed, proved the superiority of

Wounded Turks and hospital attendants in the American ward of the Sashkishla Hospital



the Bulgarians' French guns. The very marked superiority, he believes, lies wholly in the service of the guns. Whichever opinion is correct, it is certainly plausible evidence to find the Turks now at the twelfth hour putting in eighteen batteries of brand-new French guns with French experts from the Creusot works here to assist in assembling and using them.

If authorities differ on the technical question of artillery, there is a very marked unity of opinion here in Constantinople as to one general phase of the war. The campaign as a whole is regarded by the majority of those who have been lucky enough to witness operations in the Serbian, Greek, or Bulgarian theatres of war as a distinct failure of the German military system, in which a generation of the Ottoman army has been bred, as opposed to the French system, particularly in the matter of commissariat and ammunition supply in the field.

In this judgment there is a large element of injustice. The Turks were not ready when the word came, and could not have put any system they might have been taught into immediate working order. It is the old story of unpreparedness so clearly told in the Manchurian campaign of 1905 from the Yalu to Mukden.

Even in the matter of the defective mobilization of Turkish troops on the outbreak of hostilities there is a disposition to lay the fault on the German strategy. "Von der Goltz!" said a Turk line officer to me bitterly. "Let them go to ze hell! It is not good zis plan. Many regiments of Nizam are sent in Asia Mineur. I have come all ze way from Aleppo just now." Probably a good many of the Turkish officers who are intelligent enough, as this man was, to analyze the overwhelming defeat of their armies in Thrace and Macedonia, are charging up to what they think was a German scheme of disposition errors which might very much more properly be traced to the political motives of the Young Turk military authorities. As elsewhere in the world, the mixture of military affairs with party politics has been disastrous in Turkey. In the accustomed belief that in the last analysis the powers would keep peace in the Balkans, and with peace already assured with Italy, a very useful part of the Nizam (active troops) and first reserves (Redif) were sent back home in the beginning of October before election time when they should have been redrafted and mobilized in Thrace.

But in the matter of commissariat the truth sticks out pretty clearly from whatever national point of view you look at it, and I have myself seen the Turkish wagon train in full cry—mostly cry. It was the admirably devised scheme of supply and communication, worked out on the French system, which enabled the Bulgarian, Serbian, and even the new, French-taught Greek army to strike quickly and repeatedly, and, having got their enemy on the run, follow up that advantage by hitting him again and again before he had time to recuperate and reinforce. As much as any one other military ingredient, French commissary efficiency has contributed to throwing the Turk, all but a finger-nail hold, out of Europe in the astonishing time of one month. This is the talk of those who have seen, of those who have come around by sea from back of the allied armies, hoping in the last engagements to get nearer the front on the Turkish side. And it is the talk of the beaten but unconvinced Turk.

EMBASSY GUARDS WERE NOT NEEDED

CONSTANTINOPLE is under martial law. It is also supposedly in the grip of Asiatic cholera. From the top of the Galata tower you can see the blue hills westward, only twenty-five miles away, where a great many thousands of hostile Serbs and Bulgars are held at bay by more thousands of gray-coated Turks, with their backs to us, and by a piece of paper signed in a railroad car in the valley of the shadow of death. ("Karadere," literally translated, means "black valley with a river.") But you might live here several days without being impressed by any of these conditions. Things go on about as usual, pretty much as they do in other cities—in New York, in Buenos Aires, or in Vladivostok. There is a state of mind locally called "Pera panic," because it comes to pass sometimes up here on the hill of Pera, where all the embassies and legations, clubs and European shops are. But it has not happened yet. Neither has any other kind of panic. Nobody is worrying much about anything except the price of coal, which is now \$20 a ton, f. o. b., in the Golden Horn, and going up. The only cold feet in Galata belong to those who can't stand that pace. It is difficult to understand why a few hundred sailormen are still ashore guarding their respective embassies and the club. The sailors don't want to understand. They are having a good time out of it, playing football on the asphalt tennis court back of the club and thriving on the protected cuisines.

We haven't any sailors of our own guarding the American Embassy, for the simple reason that the State Department thinks it has to observe the corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, and while it maintains that no European Government shall interfere in any South American fracas, no matter what the interest may be,

reciprocally will play the game by not even appearing to butt into this Balkan tangle by so much as an embassy guard. Let John Bull do it. Consequently the *Tennessee* remains at Smyrna and the *Montana* at Beirut, where the missionaries are, and the eighty men who man the United States converted yacht *Scorpion*, tied up to moorings in the Bosphorus, spend most of their time now cleaning ship and minding their own business.

There is nothing particularly warlike about the harbor, though seven men-of-war of various flags still lie there at anchor. You would be able to find as many at such coaling stations as Malta or Gibraltar. The men-of-war are not noticed much in the hustle of trade all around them. Steamers from Mediterranean and Aegean



Fifteen hundred cholera-stricken soldiers were lodged in these cholera barracks at San Stefano when this picture was taken by Mr. Marvin

ports come and go every day, for the Greek blockade of the Dardanelles in everything except the coal proposition has been a joke. All the Black Sea traffic, except the inconsiderable Bulgarian quota, arrives and departs as usual, and all around the big ships, crowded to the guards, ply little suburban steamers which run to the small towns on both shores of the Bosphorus, around into the Sea of Marmora, or ferry commuters across to Scutari. If there is any more water traffic than this in the piping times of Levantine peace, the ports must have to devise maritime traffic regulations with a squad to enforce them.

LIFE'S SMART PICTURE IN THE CITIES

THROUGH the streets of Pera, Galata, and Stamboul life flows in its accustomed way, infinitely varied and picturesque. The beggars in the old city are feeling the war, they say, but outwardly they prosper. Soldiers you see all the time, in all the streets, mixed in with the crowds. Smart, scowling officers on foot or mounted; Nizam infantry men, very trim in new yellow cloth uniforms and fezzes; broken-down redifs, whose old uniforms, yielding to the weather and ancient habit, give them a kind of unwound appearance. Mosaicked in with

Hoffman Phillip, First Secretary of the American Embassy, directing the burial of Turkish soldiers who have died from cholera at San Stefano



the soldiers are liberty parties of foreign sailors from the ships, Arabs smelling of caravans, and chemical-looking women in big hats and furs, odorous of the Rue de Rivoli.

In the late afternoon, when offices, banks, and shops are closing, the streets are congested more than ever with workers going home. It is as if you should put a red fez on every head hurrying through Park Row between five and six of a winter evening. Along the Grand Rue de Pera, but for the element of red fez, you might be in a Philadelphia street. Big limousines slide past, and broughams and landaus rumble richly by.

At night, when the gas lamps are lit, "Judy O'Grady" and her cosmopolite sisterhood entertain with dance and song in all the languages of Europe and the Levant at the "Parisiana" and the "Catacloum,"

while the "Colonel's lady" plays bridge at the embassy, or, pushing baled blankets, bandages, and sewing machines back into the corners of the ballroom, threads the mazes of the Turkey trot to the music of the flagship's band.

But there is another side underneath all this brave show of prosperity and peace, grim and dark enough. The cholera reports have been exaggerated; the worst of the epidemic is over now. It was bad enough without exaggeration. Two days ago under the domes of those Stamboul mosques, which shine so brightly in this sunlight, lay eighteen thousand sick Ottoman soldiers. At Santa Sofia alone eight thousand were herded in an indescribable mass, from which seven hundred and fifty bodies were dug out, dead of cholera and dysentery. The proportion in the other mosques must have been about the same. Among the civilian population of the city, since the epidemic broke out, one thousand three hundred cases of cholera have been fatal, but the reported deaths yesterday were only thirty-four.

IN THE TERRIBLE CHOLERA SHEDS AT SAN STEFANO

THE day after my arrival I spent in the cholera camp at San Stefano, where the military authorities had made an attempt to isolate cases outside the city. Appalling as that experience was, it faded before the accounts given me by Major Ford, and Hoffman Philip, first secretary of the United States Embassy. With these two gentlemen and Dr. Reik of the Egyptian Red Crescent, all of us protected by rubber clothing and surgical gloves, I went through the various hastily constructed barracks, the tents, and the Greek school, where, all told, lay between two thousand five hundred and three thousand men, dead, dying, and mortally sick. The reek of disease and crowded, stricken humanity fought in those sheds with the smells of powerful disinfectants. Raised up on low platforms, running the length of the barracks, with a passageway between, some on straw mattresses and some on the hard boards, long lines of poor suffering wretches huddled in their overcoats and blankets. Here and there lay a shrunken body with dropped jaw and sightless eyes, horribly beyond help. Most of the living lay as inert as if dead, but a few writhed or bowed themselves to the ground in agony, muttering or praying, and, as we passed, several weak voices called out to us piteously as children would: "Effendi, Effendi!"

When Major Ford, an American army surgeon on sick leave, Hoffman Philip, and Dr. Frew first went to San Stefano on November 18, they found more than one thousand five hundred men, the dead and the dying piled together in indiscriminate filth and confusion, on the railway embankment and in the field below it, where they had been left by the hospital trains from the front. As Major Ford told me, "the place looked like an enormous sticky fly paper in a butcher shop." Ford counted two hundred already dead who must have spent their last moments like cattle in an uncleaned pen. Although the Americans were the first to bring organized help to that town of pestilence—the Turks at that time had done nothing more than put up five or six small tents, where the strongest of the dying had dragged themselves, and thrown a picket line of soldiers around

the place—they found two old ladies, Miss Alt and Madame Schneider, both of whom lived in San Stefano, heroically feeding and nursing as many soldiers as they could reach by ceaseless efforts.

At the time of my visit, on December 3, the sick were all under cover. On one side of the track the Turks' military hospital corps had knocked together six rough barracks and were building others, and on the other side, on the rain-swept slopes over the desolate Sea of Marmora, the Egyptian Red Crescent had put up more substantial sheds. Units of the British and Turkish Red Crescent were established near by in tents, and in the Greek school on the edge of the town the American Red Cross, under the direction of Mrs.

Rockhill, wife of the Ambassador, and Major Ford, was trying to save five hundred patients.

Looking over those poor wrecks of men, two deductions as to the character of the war struck me. The first was the very low standard of Turkish recruiting to bear the brunt of hard fighting. A great many of these men were too old for active campaigning—middle-aged and beyond, wrinkle-faced, gray-headed, and gray-bearded. Medical inspection had revealed many instances of physical disabilities antedating the war. There were cases of tuberculosis, hernia, malformations, and defective eyesight and hearing. And these men were sent out on the firing lines at Kirk-Kilise and Lule Burgas against the pick of the Bulgars!

Another striking thing was the emaciation of all those broken hundreds. Even without disease many of them

(Concluded on page 29)



The Emperor of Japan

The new Emperor of Japan is a modern in every respect. His father, the late Emperor, while his Government was conducted as far as possible along the lines of the modern world, never could bring himself to endure certain smaller and more personal aspects of the age. He never permitted snapshots, and preferred to be represented by drawings embodying the conventionalities of Japanese classic art. This, on the other hand, is a snapshot taken as the new Emperor is on his way to the first military maneuvers he has witnessed since his reign began. He is in the foreground



Co'nel Goethals Shows President Taft Around at Cristobal (Colonel Goethals is Pointing)

President Taft's holiday jaunt to Panama led the Chief Executive to the determination to nominate Colonel Goethals for the post of Civil Governor of the Canal Zone immediately upon the return to Washington. The resolution was not carried out, however, as the President learned that for party reasons the Democratic Senators would oppose any nominations made by him. Colonel Goethals is unaffected as he retains his military authority. Should he be named Civil Governor later, it is his desire to hold the place only until the canal is past the experimental period of operation

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

FIRST, to understand what *can* be done, consider the exact length of time which one bill consumed in passing through Congress, from the date of its first introduction until its final passage.

A bill was introduced in the Senate on July 29. The next day, July 30, it was referred to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. On August 6 it was reported out of the committee to the Senate. (Observe that it spent just seven days in the committee.) On August 16 the bill was passed by a vote of the Senate. *It had taken in the Senate just nineteen days from the introduction to the final passage.* In the House the speed was fully as great. It was introduced on July 19. On July 22 it was sent to the committee. In this case *one day in the committee was enough,* and it returned to the House next day. On August 22 it came to a vote and was passed. *In the House it had consumed just thirty-four days from its original introduction to its final passage.*

A Different Story

THAT is what *can* be done. It has been told just to show how fast a bill *can* be got through Congress. But observe the important distinction that this was a bill *in favor of a private interest.* (It was the Coosa Dam Bill which gave away to a private corporation a water-power site worth many millions.) There were eager hands to push it; and to oppose it there were only those who were conscientious in their loyalty to the public interest. When the private interest is on the other side, when one or more big corporations are *opposed* to a bill, it is a different and a slower story. The parcel-post measure was in Congress at least fifteen years before it became a law on the first of this month. The Pure Food Bill was held in committee after committee for more than five years. Pure-fabric bills have been in committees for more than three years; some four or five years from now an overwhelming public sentiment will force them out of the committee to a vote.

The Present Example

EIGHT States have laws which prohibit the sale of liquor. They are not able to enforce these laws fully because the Federal Government, in spite of the State law, protects the shipment of what are called "original packages" of liquor into the State from other nonprohibition States. Just what happens is described in the testimony of one resident of a prohibition State, Mr. N. E. Marshburn of La Grange, Ga.:

"I want to give you a concrete example of our difficulty in dealing with the liquor question. . . . We live right on the borders of Alabama. We have in our neighborhood one concern which, under the present law, received one day early in December 3,200 pints of whisky; and on the 16th day of December, or thereabouts, from another station he received 2,000 pints more. . . .

"SENATOR NELSON—Does it come in pint bottles?
"MR. MARSHBURN—Yes, in casks, of 100 pints to the cask. . . . It was carried to the place of the purchaser, which was just outside the incorporated limits of La Grange, not more than fifty yards from the incorporation line; he there debauched our boys, the whole Christmas through, with that whisky. The purchaser of this whisky defies us. He rides openly through

our streets. He is becoming one of the richest men in our section. The president of our bank told me not more than two weeks ago that this man had more ready cash at his command than any other depositor outside of the corporations in that town. Three years ago, or a few years ago before the prohibition law was passed, he was one of the poorest men we had. . . .

"They offer gallons of whisky at a nominal sum, proposing to prepay the freight, enticing young men and boys and the poor ignorant negroes, who cannot withstand the temptation to order a little whisky."

Seventeen Months

A BILL to give Georgia and the other prohibition States the law they want and enable them to enforce their own regulations is pending in Congress. It was introduced on August 3, 1911, and, of course, went to the Committee on Judiciary. Its long slumber there creates the suspicion that the majority of the members of that committee are willing to let it die with this Congress next 4th of March without bringing it to a vote in the House.

The Situation

THERE are millions of earnest people in the United States who want to see this bill passed, and have wondered patiently what has become of it. The reason it has not been passed is that it hasn't been brought to a vote. (If it came to a vote it would pass by a large majority. So much is generally admitted. Only a few members, such as those who represent the Busch brewing interests in Congress, would vote against it. Very few members would dare resist the sentiment of their home communities.) The reason the bill hasn't come to a vote is that it has been held in the committee. *The responsibility rests with the men whose names are on this page.* It is fair to say that one of the men, Congressman Edwin Y. Webb of North Carolina, has worked earnestly for the passage of the bill.

The Old System Again

WHEN Cannon was Speaker it was for many years the custom to dispose of this embarrassing antiliquor bill, as well as others (labor bills and the like), by send-

ing them to this same Judiciary Committee and there letting them sleep to death. The committee was known as "Uncle Joe's Morgue." This practice, made known to the public, was one of the chief causes of that indignant rebellion which dethroned Cannon and put the Democrats in power. Every Democrat who hopes to see his party prosper ought to constitute himself a policeman to see that no leader or group of Democrats shall invite disaster by repeating what Cannon did.

Old Age

THE bill to prohibit the shipment of liquor into prohibition States must have been about Congress for fully fifty years—ever since the people of Maine adopted prohibition and found they couldn't enforce it so long as the Federal Government not only permits but protects the violation of the State law. Not during that same fifty years have Congress and law-making bodies generally (and courts as well) been so responsive to the public will as now. This bill will become a law soon.

A Suggestion

IF THE friends of this bill should see fit to do so they could bring pressure to bear on the committee named on this page, such as would force the bill out immediately and enable it to pass during the present session.

The Speaker's Position

CHAMP CLARK ought to be particularly scrupulous to see that this antiliquor bill suffers no handicap. The Busch brewing interests, which are powerful through the Southwest, and allied liquor interests favored Clark's candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination in a powerful way. The Speaker ought now to avoid even the appearance of being aware of any obligation to them.

Why the South Demands Prohibition

THE Southern States which have passed prohibition laws have a motive that the North cannot realize. These words were written by Will Irwin after an investigation of the liquor traffic in the South some years ago:

"In every low negro dive of the South they sell certain brands of gin, whose very names, for the most part, I cannot mention here. Obscene titles, obscene labels advertise by suggestion, by double meanings, that these compounds contain a drug to stimulate the low passions which have made the race problem such a dreadful thing in the South."

Where the Progressives Are Strong

FOR eighteen years George Edmund Foss, a Republican, has represented the Tenth Illinois District, which consists of Lake County and four precincts of the city of Chicago. Congressman Foss's Republican pluralities at his nine elections have been:

14,096	13,263	11,288
20,297	5,585	16,290
10,331	16,853	2,580

In the Congress which comes into being next 4th of March this district will be represented by a Progressive, Charles M. Thomson, whose plurality at the recent election was 3,703.

These are the Men

Henry D. Clayton, Eufaula, Alabama
Edwin Y. Webb, Shelby, North Carolina
Charles C. Carlin, Alexandria, Virginia
William W. Rucker, Keytesville, Missouri
William C. Houston, Woodbury, Tennessee
John C. Floyd, Yellville, Arkansas
R. Y. Thomas, Jr., Central City, Kentucky
James M. Graham, Springfield, Illinois
H. Garland Dupre, New Orleans, Louisiana
Martin W. Littleton, New York
Walter I. McCoy, South Orange, New Jersey
John W. Davis, Clarksburg, West Virginia
Daniel J. McGillicuddy, Lewiston, Maine
Jack Beall, Waxahachie, Texas

These men compose the Democratic members of the Committee on the Judiciary. (Only the Democratic members are given because, as committees are run, the majority party members take all the responsibility, and the minority party members have little power.) The bill to prevent the shipment of liquor into prohibition States was referred to this committee nearly eighteen months ago. Their failure for so long a period to report it out and let it come to a vote raises a justifiable question as to their motives



*A
new
star*

Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart"

By ARTHUR RUHL

SEASON before last, in "Jimmy Valentine," there appeared an unknown young woman whom most of the audience remembered afterward. How much this was due to her art and how much to personality, they probably did not try to puzzle out—at any rate, she "had a way" with her. Last year, as the Hawaiian maiden in "The Bird of Paradise," there was no doubt that she could act, and when, a few evenings ago, she appeared as principal figure at the opening of the newest of New York's already too numerous theatres, there seemed

no doubt that Miss Laurette Taylor had securely arrived.

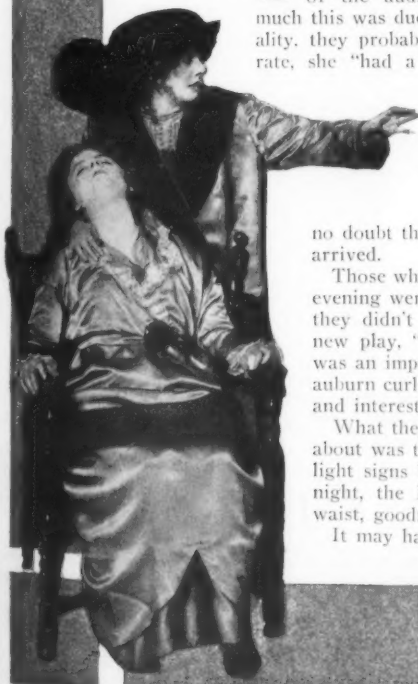
Those who watched her through that significant evening were as much interested perhaps in what they didn't see as in the actual progress of the new play, "Peg o' My Heart." What they saw was an impersonation of a young Irish girl, with auburn curls and a beguiling accent—all very nice and interesting.

What they didn't see but couldn't help thinking about was the long possible vista ahead—electric-light signs blazing "Laurette Taylor" against the night, the Laurette Taylor cigar, caramel, shirt waist, goodness knows what.

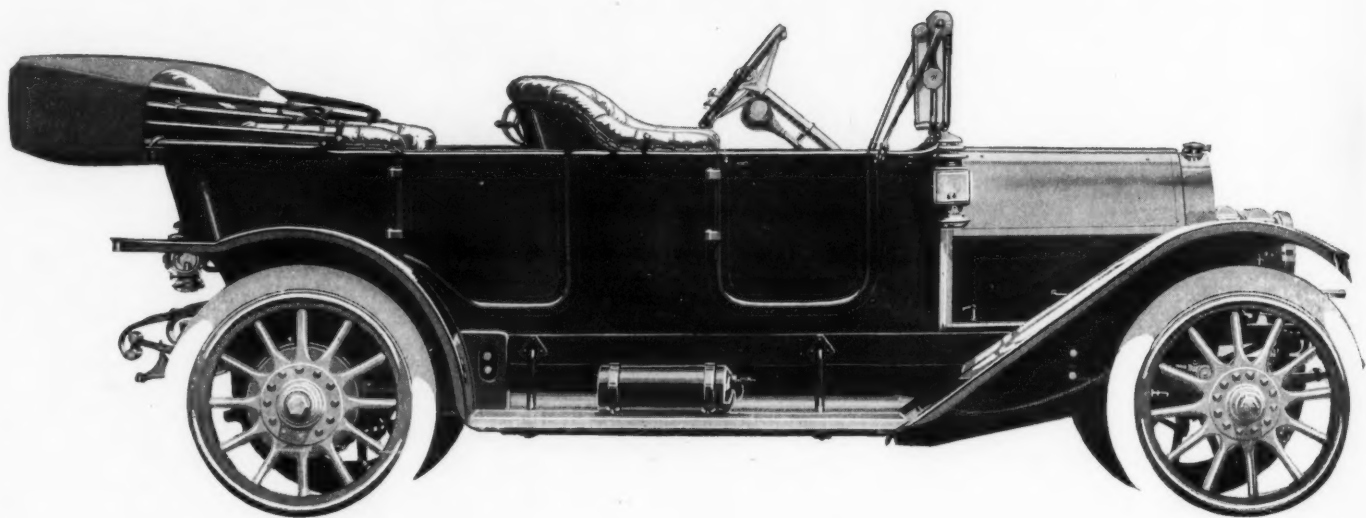
It may have little to do with an actress's art—

except, more often than not, to petrify it—but it has so much to do with her life that one can't but be interested when one sees it in the making—this sudden transformation of a mere human being into that curious potentiality—asset, investment, walking gold mine, what you will, which is embodied in a popular "star." Suppose that here, for instance, was another Maude Adams—quite different, to be sure, yet with similar possibilities of giving the public what it likes! It is too soon to prophesy—at any rate, Miss Taylor has worked hard for her success and one has a notion she won't petrify.

She has good looks, intelligence, unusual "personality," and she can act. She was acting, not merely Billieburking, in "Peg o' My Heart," and no mistake. It is, at the same time, true that her success thus far has been in a broad, or at least somewhat eccentric, rather than "straight" vein. In "Jimmy Valentine" she spoke a curious clipped, infantile patter—a mannerism which attracted by its oddity but could scarcely be regarded as permanent. In "The Bird of Paradise" she had another accent which she handled charmingly with every appearance of authenticity. In this new play she has still another accent—an untutored little Irish girl is suddenly thrust by the provisions of a queer will into the stony bosom of a snobbish English family—and her work here is still broad comedy, although very quietly and realistically done. "Broad" is used here, of course, in contrast to "straight," to suggest acting, not crude or noisy, but that which, however quiet and seemingly naturalistic, depends to a certain extent for its effect on oddity and unconventional color. Miss Taylor's most telling moments here, indeed, [Concluded on page 25]



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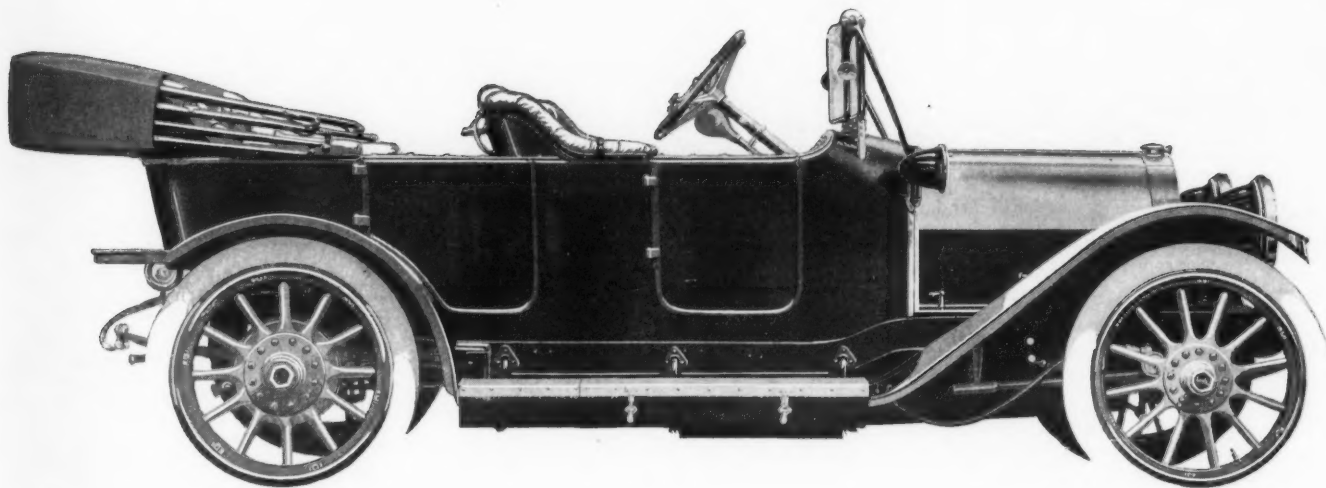
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The Match

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrated by E. L. Blumenschein



SERGEANT BROKAW was hatchet-faced, with shifting pale blue eyes that had a glint of cruelty in them. He was tall, and thin, and lithe as a cat. He belonged to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and was one of the best men on the trail that had ever gone into the North. His business was man hunting. Ten years of seeking after human prey had given to him many of the characteristics of a fox. For six of those ten years he had represented law north of fifty-three. Now he had come to the end of his last hunt, close up to the Arctic Circle. For one hundred and eighty-seven days he had been following a man. The hunt had begun in midsummer, and it was now midwinter. Billy Loring, who was wanted for murder, had been a hard man to find. But he was caught at last, and Brokaw was keenly exultant. It was his greatest achievement. It would mean a great deal for him down at headquarters.

In the rough and dimly lighted cabin his man sat opposite him, on a bench, his manacled hands crossed over his knees. He was a younger man than Brokaw—thirty, or a little better. His hair was long, reddish, and untrimmed. A stubble of reddish beard covered his face. His eyes, too, were blue—of the deep, honest blue that one remembers, and most frequently trusts. He did not look like a criminal. There was something almost boyish in his face, a little hollowed by long privation. He was the sort of man that other men liked. Even Brokaw, who had a heart like flint in the face of crime, had melted a little.

"Ugh!" he shivered. "Listen to that beastly wind! It means three days of storm."

OUTSIDE a gale was blowing straight down from the Arctic. They could hear the steady moaning of it in the spruce tops over the cabin, and now and then there came one of those raging blasts that filled the night with strange shrieking sounds. Volleys of fine, hard snow beat against the one window with a rattle like shot. In the cabin it was comfortable. It was Billy's cabin. He had built it deep in a swamp, where there were lynx and fisher cat to trap, and where he had thought that no one could find him. The sheet-iron stove was glowing hot. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling. Billy was sitting so that the glow of this fell in his face. It scintillated on the rings of steel about his wrists. Brokaw was a cautious man, as well as a clever one, and he took no chances.

"I like storms—when you're inside, an' close to a stove," replied Billy. "Makes me feel sort of—safe." He smiled a little grimly. Even at that it was not an unpleasant smile.

Brokaw's snow-reddened eyes gazed at the other. "There's something in that," he said. "This storm will give you at least three days more of life."

"Won't you drop that?" asked the prisoner, turning his face a little, so that it was shaded from the light. "You've got me now, an' I know what's coming as well as you do." His voice was low and quiet, with the faintest trace of a broken note in it, deep down in his throat. "We're alone, old man, and a long way from anyone. I ain't blaming you for catching me. I haven't got anything against you. So let's drop this other thing—what I'm going down to—and talk something pleasant. I know I'm going to hang. That's the law. It'll be unpleasant enough when it comes, don't you think? Let's talk about—about—home. Got any kids?"

Brokaw shook his head, and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Never married," he said shortly.

"Never married," mused Billy, regarding him with a curious softening of his blue eyes. "You don't know what you've missed, Brokaw. Of course, it's none o' my business, but you've got a home—somewhere—"

BROKAW shook his head again.

"Been in the service ten years," he said. "I've got a mother living with my brother somewhere down in York State. I've sort of lost track of them. Haven't seen 'em in five years."

Billy was looking at him steadily. Slowly he rose to his feet, lifted his manacled hands, and turned down the light.

"Hurts my eyes," he said, and he laughed frankly as he caught the suspicious glint in Brokaw's eyes. He seated himself again, and leaned over toward the other. "I haven't talked to a white man for three months," he added, a little hesitatingly. "I've been hiding—close.

I had a dog for a time, but he died, an' I didn't dare go hunting for another. I knew you fellows were pretty close after me. But I wanted to get enough fur to take me to South America. Had it all planned, an' she was going to join me there—with the kid. Understand? If you'd kept away another month—"

There was a husky break in his voice, and he coughed to clear it.

"You don't mind if I talk, do you—about her, an' the kid? I've got to do it, or bust, or go mad. I've got to because—to-day—she was twenty-four—at ten o'clock in the morning—an' it's our wedding day—"

THE half gloom hid from Brokaw what was in the other's face. And then Billy laughed almost joyously.

"Say, but she's been a true little pardner," he whispered proudly, as there came a lull in the storm. "She was just born for me, an' everything seemed to happen on her birthday, an' that's why I can't be downhearted even now. It's her birthday, you see, an' this morning, before you came, I was just that happy that I set a plate for her at the table, an' put her picture and a curl of her hair beside it—set the picture up so it was looking at me—an' we had breakfast together. Look here—"

He moved to the table, with Brokaw watching him like a cat, and brought something back with him, wrapped in a soft piece of buckskin. He unfolded the buckskin tenderly, and drew forth a long curl that rippled a dull red and gold in the lamp-glow, and then he handed a photograph to Brokaw.

"That's her!" he whispered.

Brokaw turned so that the light fell on the picture. A sweet, girlish face smiled at him from out of a wealth of flowing, disheveled curls.

"She had it taken that way just for me," explained Billy, with the enthusiasm of a boy in his voice. "She's always wore her hair in curls—an' a braid—for me, when we're home. I love it that way. Guess I may be silly, but I'll tell you why. That was down in York State, too. She lived in a cottage, all grown over with honeysuckle an' morning glory, with green hills and valleys all about it—and the old apple orchard just behind. That day we were in the orchard, all red an' white with bloom, and she dared me to a race. I let her beat me, and when I came up she stood under one of the trees, her cheeks like the pink blossoms, and her hair all tumbled about her like an armful of gold, shaking the loose apple blossoms down on her head. I forgot everything then, and I didn't stop until I had her in my arms, an'—an' she's been my little pardner ever since. After the baby came we moved up into Canada, where I had a good chance in a new mining town. An' then—"

A FURIOUS blast of the storm sent the overhanging spruce tops smashing against the top of the cabin. Straight overhead the wind shrieked almost like human voices, and the one window rattled as though it were shaken by human hands. The lamp had been burning lower and lower. It began to flicker now, the quick sputter of the wick lost in the noise of the gale. Then it went out. Brokaw leaned over and opened the door of the big box stove, and the red glow of the fire took the place of the lamplight. He leaned back and relighted his pipe, eying Billy. The sudden blast, the going out of the light, the opening of the stove door, had all happened in a minute, but the interval was long enough to bring a change into Billy's voice. It was cold and hard when he continued. He leaned over toward Brokaw, and the boyishness had gone from his face.

"Of course, I can't expect you to have any sympathy for this other business, Brokaw," he went on. "Sympathy isn't in your line, an' you wouldn't be the big man you are in the service if you had it. But I'd like to know what you would have done. We were up there six months, and we'd both grown to love the big woods, and she was growing prettier and happier every day—when Thorne, the new superintendent, came up. One day she told me that she didn't like Thorne, but I didn't pay much attention to that, and laughed at her, and said he was a good fellow. After that I could see that something was worrying her, and pretty soon I couldn't help from seeing what it was, and everything came out. It was Thorne. He was persecuting her. She hadn't told me, because she knew it would make trouble and I'd lose my job. One after-

noon I came home earlier than usual, and found her crying. She put her arms round my neck, and just cried it all out, with her face snuggled in my neck, and kissin' me—"

Brokaw could see the cords in Billy's neck. His manacled hands were clenched.

"What would you have done, Brokaw?" he asked huskily. "What if you had a wife, an' she told you that another man had insulted her, and was forcing his attentions on her, and she asked you to give up your job and take her away? Would you have done it, Brokaw? No, you wouldn't. You'd have hunted up the man. That's what I did. He had been drinking—just enough to make him devilish, and he laughed at me—I didn't mean to strike so hard.—But it happened. I killed him. I got away. She and the baby are down in the little cottage again—down in York State—an' I know she's awake this minute—our wedding day—thinking of me, an' praying for me, and counting the days between now and spring. We were going to South America then."

Brokaw rose to his feet, and put fresh wood into the stove.

"I guess it must be pretty hard," he said, straightening himself. "But the law up here doesn't take them things into account—not very much. It may let you off with manslaughter—ten or fifteen years. I hope it does. Let's turn in."

Billy stood up beside him. He went with Brokaw to a bunk built against the wall, and the sergeant drew a fine steel chain from his pocket. Billy lay down, his hands crossed over his breast, and Brokaw deftly fastened the chain about his ankles.

"And I suppose you think this is hard, too," he added. "But I guess you'd do it if you were me. Ten years of this sort of work learns you not to take chances. If you want anything in the night just whistle."

IT HAD been a hard day with Brokaw, and he slept soundly. For an hour Billy lay awake, thinking of home, and listening to the wail of the storm. Then he, too, fell into sleep—a restless, uneasy slumber filled with troubled visions. For a time there had come a lull in the gale, but now it broke over the cabin with increased fury. A hand seemed slapping at the window, threatening to break it. The spruce boughs moaned and twisted overhead, and a volley of wind and snow shot suddenly down the chimney, forcing open the stove door, so that a shaft of ruddy light cut like a red knife through the dense gloom of the cabin. In varying ways the sounds played a part in Billy's dreams. In all those dreams, and segments of dreams, the girl—his wife—was present. Once they had gone for wild flowers and had been caught in a thunderstorm, and had run to an old and disused barn in the middle of a field for shelter. He was back in that barn again, with her—and he could feel her trembling against him, and was stroking her hair, as the thunder crashed over them and the lightning filled her eyes with fear. After that there came to him a vision of the early autumn nights when they had gone corn roasting, with other young people. He had always been afflicted with a slight nasal trouble, and smoke irritated him. It set him sneezing, and kept him dodging about the fire, and she had always laughed when the smoke persisted in following him about, like a young scamp of a boy bent on tormenting him. The smoke was unusually persistent to-night. He tossed in his bunk, and buried his face in the blanket that answered for a pillow. The smoke reached him even there, and he sneezed chokingly. In that instant the girl's face disappeared. He sneezed again—and awoke.

A startled gasp broke from his lips, and the handcuffs about his wrists clanked as he raised his hand to his face. In that moment his dazed senses adjusted themselves. The cabin was full of smoke. It partly blinded him, but through it he could see tongues of fire shooting toward the ceiling. He could hear the crackling of burning pitch, and he yelled wildly to Brokaw. In an instant the sergeant was on his feet. He rushed to the table, where he had placed a pail of water the evening before, and Billy heard the hissing of the water as it struck the flaming wall.

"Never mind that," he shouted. "The shack's built of pitch cedar. We've got to get out!"

BROKAW groped his way to him through the smoke and began fumbling at the chain about his ankles.

"I can't—find—the key—" he gasped chokingly. "Here—grab hold of me!"

He caught Billy under the arms and dragged him to



the door. As he opened it the wind came in with a rush and behind them the whole cabin burst into a furnace of flame. Twenty yards from the cabin he dropped Billy in the snow, and ran back. In that seething room of smoke and fire was everything on which their lives depended, food, blankets, even their coats and caps and snowshoes. But he could get no farther than the door. He returned to Billy, found the key in his pocket, and freed him from the chain about his ankles. Billy stood up. As he looked at Brokaw the glass in the window broke and a sea of flame spurted through. It lighted up their faces. The sergeant's jaw was set hard. His leathery face was curiously white. He could not keep from shivering. There was a strange smile on Billy's face, and a strange look in his eyes. Neither of the two men had undressed for sleep, but their coats, and caps, and heavy mittens were in the flames.

Billy rattled his handcuffs. Brokaw looked him squarely in the eyes.

"You ought to know this country," he said. "What'll we do?"

"The nearest post is sixty miles from here," said Billy. "I know that," replied Brokaw. "And I know that Thoreau's cabin is only twenty miles from here. There must be some trapper or Indian shack nearer than that. Is there?"

IN THE red glow of the fire Billy smiled. His teeth gleamed at Brokaw. It was in a lull of the wind, and he went close to Brokaw, and spoke quietly, his eyes shining more and more with that strange light that had come into them.

"This is going to be a big sight easier than hangin', or going to jail for half my life, Brokaw—an' you don't think I'm going to be fool enough to miss the chance, do you? It ain't hard to die of cold. I've almost been there once or twice. I told you last night why I couldn't give up hope—that something good for me always came on her birthday, or near to it. An' it's come. It's forty below, an' we won't live the day out. We ain't got a mouthful of grub. We ain't got clothes enough on to keep us from freezing inside the shanty, unless we had a fire. Last night I saw you fill your match bottle and put it in your coat pocket. Why, man, we ain't even got a match!"

In his voice there was a thrill of triumph. Brokaw's hands were clenched, as if some one had threatened to strike him.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"Just this," interrupted Billy, and his voice was

harder than Brokaw's now. "The God you used to pray to when you was a kid has given me a choice, Brokaw, an' I'm going to take it. If we stay by this fire, an' keep it up, we won't die of cold, but of starvation. We'll be dead before we get half way to Thoreau's. There's an Indian's shack that we could make, but you'll never find it—not unless you unlock these irons and give me that revolver at your belt. Then I'll take you over there as my prisoner. That'll give me another chance for South America—an' the kid at home."

BROKAW was buttoning the thick collar of his shirt close up about his neck. On his face, too, there came for a moment a grim and determined smile.

"Come on," he said. "We'll make Thoreau's or die!" "Sure," said Billy, stepping quickly to his side. "I suppose I might lie down in the snow, an' refuse to budge. I'd win my game then, wouldn't I? But we'll play it—on the square. It's Thoreau's, or die. And it's up to you to find Thoreau's."

He looked back over his shoulder at the burning cabin as they entered the edge of the forest, and in the gray darkness that was preceding dawn he smiled to himself. Two miles to the south, in a thick swamp, was Indian Joe's shack. They could have made it easily. On their way to Thoreau's they would pass within a mile of it. But Brokaw would never know. And they would never reach Thoreau's. Billy knew that. He looked at the man hunter as he broke trail ahead of him—at the pugnacious hunch of his shoulders, his long stride, the determined clench of his hands, and wondered what the soul and the heart of a man like this must be, who in such an hour would not trade life for life. For almost three-quarters of an hour Brokaw did not utter a word. The storm had broke. Above the spruce tops the sky began to clear. Day came slowly. And it was growing steadily colder. The swing of Brokaw's arms and shoulders kept the blood in them circulating, while Billy's manacled wrists held a part of his body almost rigid. He knew that his hands were already frozen. His arms were numb, and when



As he opened the door the wind came in with a rush and behind them the whole cabin burst into a furnace of flame

at last Brokaw paused for a moment on the edge of a frozen stream Billy thrust out his hands, and clanked the steel rings.

"It must be getting colder," he said. "Look at that." The cold steel had seared his wrists like hot iron, and had pulled off patches of skin and flesh. Brokaw looked, and hunched his shoulders. His lips were blue. His cheeks, ears, and nose were frostbitten. There was a curious thickness in his voice when he spoke.

"Thoreau lives on this creek," he said. "How much farther is it?"

"Fifteen or sixteen miles," replied Billy. "You'll last just about five, Brokaw. I won't last that long unless you take these things off and give me the use of my arms."

"To knock out my brains when I ain't looking," growled Brokaw. "I guess—before long—you'll be willing to tell where the Indian's shack is."

He kicked his way through a drift of snow to the smoother surface of the stream. There was a breath of wind in their faces, and Billy bowed his head to it. In the hours of his greatest loneliness and despair Billy had kept up his fighting spirit by thinking of pleasant things, and now, as he followed in Brokaw's trail, he began to think of home. It was not hard for him to bring up visions of the girl wife who would probably never know how he had died. He forgot Brokaw. He followed in the trail mechanically, failing to notice that his captor's pace was growing steadily slower, and that his own feet were dragging more and more like leaden weights. He was back among the old hills again, and the sun was shining, and he heard laughter and song. He saw Jeanne standing at the gate in front of the little white cottage, smiling at him, and waving Baby Jeanne's tiny hand at him as he looked back over his shoulder from down the dusty road. His mind did not often travel as far as the mining camp, and he had completely forgotten it now. He no longer felt the sting and pain of the intense cold. It was Brokaw who brought him back into the reality of things. The sergeant stumbled and fell in a drift, and Billy fell over him.

FOR a moment the two men sat half buried in the snow, looking at each other without speaking. Brokaw moved first. He rose to his feet with an effort. Billy made an attempt to follow him. After three efforts he gave it up, and blinked up into Brokaw's face with a queer laugh. The laugh was almost soundless. There had come a change in Brokaw's face. Its determination and confidence were gone. At last the iron mask



of the Law was broken, and there shone through it something of the emotions and the brotherhood of man. He was fumbling in one of his pockets, and drew out the key to the handcuffs. It was a small key, and he held it between his stiffened fingers with difficulty. He knelt down beside Billy. The keyhole was filled with snow. It took a long time—ten minutes—before the key fitted in and the lock clicked. He helped to tear off the cuffs. Billy felt no sensation as bits of skin and flesh came with them. Brokaw gave him a hand, and assisted him to rise. For the first time he spoke.

"Guess you've got me beat, Billy," he said. "Where's the Indian's?"

He drew his automatic Savage from its holster and tossed it in the snowdrift. The shadow of a smile passed grimly over his face. Billy looked about him. They had stopped where the frozen path of a smaller stream joined the creek. He raised one of his stiffening arms and pointed to it.

"Follow that creek—four miles—and you'll come to Indian Joe's shack," he said.

"And a mile is just about our limit."

"Just about—your's," replied Billy. "I can't make another half. If we had a fire—"

"If—" wheezed Brokaw.

"If we had a fire," continued Billy. "We could warm ourselves, an' make the Indian's shack easy, couldn't we?"

Brokaw did not answer. He had turned toward the creek when one of Billy's pulseless hands fell heavily on his arm.

"Look here, Brokaw."

Brokaw turned. They looked into each other's eyes. "I guess mebbly you're a man, Brokaw," said Billy quietly. "You've done what you thought was your duty. You've kept your word to th' law, an' I believe you'll keep your word with me. If I say the word that'll save us now will you go back to headquarters an' report me dead?"

FOR a full half minute their eyes did not waver. Then Brokaw said:

"No."

Billy dropped his hand. It was Brokaw's hand that fell on his arm now.

"I can't do that," he said. "In ten years I ain't run out the white flag once. It's something that ain't known in the service. There ain't a coward in it, or a man



who's afraid to die. But I'll play you square. I'll wait until we're both on our feet again, and then I'll give you twenty-four hours the start of me."

Billy was smiling now. His hand reached out. Brokaw's met it, and the two joined in a grip that their numb fingers scarcely felt.

"Do you know," said Billy softly, "there's been somethin' runnin' in my head ever since we left the burning cabin. It's something my mother taught me:

'Do unto others as you'd have others do unto you.' I'm a d— fool, ain't I? But I'm goin' to try the experiment, Brokaw, an' see what comes of it. I could drop in a snowdrift an' let you go on—to die. Then I could save myself. But I'm going to take your word—an' do the other thing. I've got a match."

"A match!"

"Just one. I remember dropping it in my pants pocket yesterday when I was out on the trail. It's in this pocket. Your hand is in better shape than mine. Get it."

LIFE had leaped into Brokaw's face. He thrust his hand into Billy's pocket, staring at him as he fumbled, as if fearing that he had lied. When he drew his hand out the match was between his fingers.

"Ah!" he whispered excitedly.

"Don't get nervous," warned Billy. "It's the only one."

Brokaw's eyes were searching the low timber along the shore.

"There's a birch tree," he cried. "Hold it—while I gather a pile of bark!"

He gave the match to Billy, and staggered through the snow to the bank. Strip after strip of the loose bark he tore from the tree. Then he gathered it in a heap in the shelter of a low-hanging spruce, and added dry sticks, and still more bark, to it. When it was ready he stood with his hands in his pockets, and looked at Billy.

"If we had a stone, an' a piece of paper—" he began.

Billy thrust a hand that felt like lifeless lead inside his shirt, and fumbled in a pocket he had made there. Brokaw watched him with red, eager eyes. The hand reappeared, and in it was the buckskin wrapped photograph he had seen the night before. Billy took off the buckskin. About the picture there was a bit of tissue paper. He gave this and the match to Brokaw.

Billy swayed dizzily. He laughed, even as he crumpled down in the snow

"There's a little gun-file in the pocket the match came from," he said. "I had it mending a trap-chain. You can scratch the match on that."

He turned so that Brokaw could reach into the pocket, and the man hunter thrust in his hand. When he brought it forth he held the file. There was a smile on Billy's frostbitten face as he held the picture for a moment under Brokaw's eyes. Billy's own hands had ruffled up the girl's shining curls an instant before the picture was taken, and she was laughing at him when the camera clicked.

"It's all up to her, Brokaw," Billy said gently. "I told you that last night. It was she who woke me up before the fire got us. If you ever prayed—pray a little now. For she's going to strike that match!"

He still looked at the picture as Brokaw knelt beside the pile he had made. He heard the scratch of the match on the file, but his eyes did not turn. The living, breathing face of the most beautiful thing in the world was speaking to him from out of that picture. His mind was dazed. He swayed a little. He heard a voice, low and sweet, and so distant that it came to him like the faintest whisper. "I am coming—I am coming, Billy—coming—coming—coming—" A joyous cry surged up from his soul, but it died on his lips in a strange gasp. A louder cry brought him back to himself for a moment. It was from Brokaw. The sergeant's face was terrible to behold. He rose to his feet, swaying, his hands clutched at his breast. His voice was thick—hopeless.

"The match—went—out—"

HE STAGGERED up to Billy, his eyes like a mad-man's. Billy swayed dizzily. He laughed, even as he crumpled down in the snow. As if in a dream he saw Brokaw stagger off on the frozen trail. He saw him disappear in his hopeless effort to reach the Indian's shack. And then a strange darkness closed him in, and in that darkness he heard still the sweet voice of his wife. It spoke his name again and again, and it urged him to wake up—wake up—wake up! It seemed a long time before he could respond to it. But at last he opened his eyes. He dragged himself to his knees, and looked first to find Brokaw. But the man hunter had gone—forever. The picture was still in his hand. Less distinctly than before he saw the girl smiling at him. And then—at his back—he heard a strange and new sound. With an effort he turned to discover what it was.

The match had hidden an unseen spark from Brokaw's eyes. From out of the pile of fuel was rising a pillar of smoke and flame.



THE "right hook" belongs to the language of pugilism. It is a blow delivered at close quarters. It comes from an arm half-bent to form the "hook" which, pivoting from the shoulder, is swung with tremendous force and reimpowered by the weight of the body and the partial unbending of the elbow at the moment of impact. The Rev. Francis E. Higgins of the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, in the State of Minnesota, was not unfamiliar with the "right hook." He had stopped a few of them in his rough-and-tumble life, and he had great respect for them. He had also started a few. He started one on the first day of his arrival in Bemidji.

Bemidji is a town in the lumber woods of Minnesota on the north bank of the Mississippi where that virgin crystal stream sweeps up out of Lake Itasca and then bends east before its final plunge to the south. Bemidji now has five thousand or more inhabitants and is a beautiful little city. Ten years ago it had fifteen hundred residents and was as near an approach to hell on earth as any town of its size ever achieved.

It had forty-six saloons; it had twenty gambling hells; it had five large brothels. The city did not suffer these institutions to exist; these institutions were the city's existence. They were not cancers on the social body; they were themselves the social mass. So, you see, Bemidji was not exactly a nice place. In the lumber woods all about were some twenty thousand workmen—choppers, loggers, haulers, rivermen—all indiscriminately classed as "lumberjacks." Bemidji lived off these lumberjacks, and it reaped its living by deliberately making them drunk, luring them into gambling or into vice and wiling their money away from them. When these processes were not fast enough, it put knock-out drops in their drinks or blackjacked them.

Nor are these statements any lurid supercoloring of hyperbole. They are to be taken quite literally. The process of depraving and then robbing these lumberjacks was the business of the town. Through the long winter months this social organization festered, preying on its own members and waiting impatiently for spring, which brought with it the breaking up of the lumber camps and the streaming southward of thousands of "jacks," each with from one to two hundred dollars in his pockets, the earnings of months of onerous, icy toil.

THE SALOON MOTTO WAS "WE NEVER SLEEP"

THERE was a clause in the old treaty with the Indians that banned liquor in the whole region; but the very existence of this clause appears to have been at that time unknown. There was a State regulation closing the saloons at eleven o'clock at night; but this was disregarded. Since saloon keeping was the most favored form of business investment, the opening of a new liquor parlor was always marked by a public celebration. The band was brought out to play. The mayor, the county attorney, the sheriff, the councilmen, and other public officials were invited to make addresses. The key to the saloon was publicly and officially thrown away, and in addition to this deliciously suggestive bit of symbolism, it was customary to place over the door, "We never sleep," or some such kindred legend.

Now the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, having just located in the not nice town of Bemidji, strolled down the streets to look his new parish over. While standing on a corner, he became aware that somebody was looking him over. This somebody was a dapper-appearing person wearing a linen shirt and a white, stand-up collar. By these signs the minister knew that his vis-à-vis was either a saloon keeper, a gambler, or a pander. Nobody who did honest work or engaged in honest business in Bemidji in those days wore anything but flannel shirts with loose, rolling collars.

"Hello, Jack," said the man of the collar presently. "What's your lay?"

It was evident that the gambler, or the pander, or the bartender could not quite make out the stranger, but took him for a lumberjack of some sort. Indeed, the minister was a son of the woods, as his dress and bearing proclaimed. The man of the collar, judging by appearances, was quite justified in "prospecting" him for a convenient hundred and fifty dollars or so which might be started toward the pockets of the gang by a successful "steer" of some sort.

"I am the pastor of the Presbyterian Church," exclaimed Mr. Higgins, beaming blandly.

"WE CHASED THE OTHER GUY"

THE manner of the inquiring one grew distinctly picklish, not to say mustardy. There was a nasty wrinkling of the lines about his mouth as he said with an oath and a sneer: "Huh! So you're the new guy, eh? Well, let me tell you: this is a mighty poor town for ministers and doctors. When the doctors come the people all begin to die, and when the preachers come



The Rev. Francis E. Higgins with his pack upon his back bound for a lumber camp

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

This is the fifth article of Mr. Macfarlane's series "Man-to-Man Preachers," the purpose of which is to complement the successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. And of these Mr. Higgins is one of the most interesting. The subject of the concluding article will be:

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

they all begin to go to hell." Then he added with an air of unbearable insolence: "We chased the other guy week before last."

"Oh," purred the minister, soothingly, "but he was a young fellow just out of the seminary and inexperienced." As he made this remark, however, the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, who carries at the bottom of his face the biggest jaw I ever saw upon a man—or, at least, upon a minister—moved his bulky frame over very close to the person of the gambler, or bartender, or whatever brand of social parasite the creature was.

"Well," growled the man, "you won't last any longer, you —"

THE VALUE OF ONE GOOD "RIGHT HOOK"

THE gambler had thrust his face impudently near, and was calling the minister a string of perfectly unprintable names; but in this pastime he was interrupted abruptly, for the minister, being in just the proper position to do so, launched a terrible right hook, with all the force of his two hundred and ten pounds behind it. The gambler, having quite unwittingly put his insolent jaw in just the proper focus to receive the full impact of such a right hook, could not be blamed for imagining for a moment that a mule had kicked him. The hard flat of the minister's fist was literally lifting him, up and up and up, till his feet were clear of the ground, after which his body described an awkward and painful trajectory landing with an audible flop in a puddle in the street. It was a perfect blow. To this day the minister confesses to an unholy satisfaction at the memory of the feeling of the lift of that impudent flouter on the hard ridge of his knuckles.

A policeman rushed across the street, and demanded truculently of the parson: "And now, sir, what are you in trouble about?"

"I am in no trouble at all," explained Mr. Higgins, smoothly; "but this fellow down here in the street—he appears to be in trouble. Perhaps you might assist him."

Mr. Higgins's introduction to the town of Barnum, also in the Minnesota lumber woods, to which he had gone some years earlier, was different, though almost as surprising to the citizens, and much more truly typical of the minister. Here Mr. Higgins in his first morning's walk came upon a man who was using one of the slushy gutters of the town for a couch. His feet were thoughtfully pillowed on the sidewalk, but the rest of him, including his head, wallowed drunkenly in the gutter, while a crowd stood about him and jeered at his antics. The minister was horrified.

ALWAYS A NEED FOR A SAMARITAN

"BOYS! Boys! Boys!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "This poor fellow is a human being like ourselves—just like you or I would be if we put into our mouths the same stuff he has in his." After which very short sermon the minister himself went into the gutter. The drunkard was heavy and recalcitrant, but the minister soon had his head instead of his feet upon the curb, and was combing the mud out of his hair and beard with his fingers. Efforts to get the man on his feet, however, failed. He was in the first stages of delirium tremens, and began to fight off attention. The men who had been teasing him gaped curiously, half defiant and half ashamed, while the minister talked soothingly to the drunkard and industriously scraped the mud from his garments with a shingle.

"He'll freeze to death before morning. You'll have to help me carry him," the minister said, as he dropped the shingle, shook the mud from his fingers, and turned to mark the descent of the sun, whose noonday rays had softened the slush that would be hard as steel before midnight.

"Carry him? Where?" asked the onlookers in wonder.

"To the hotel," answered Higgins in a matter-of-fact voice. "I am going to get a room for him."

A room for a drunken, filth-stained lumberjack! The idea was ludicrous. The men threw back their heads and laughed uproariously. But the minister waited patiently till their laughter had subsided, and then said: "Take hold, men!" And the men amiably carried the resisting maudlin toward the nearest hotel, which, like all other businesses in Barnum, was merely an adjunct to a saloon. This saloon consisted of impossible beds in impossible rooms over the bar; but the saloon keeper protested loudly.

"Put that dirty hog in a room?" he queried, his lips curling with disgust.

"But I am going to wash him," explained the minister, mildly. There was an exchange of glances, almost a dropping of jaws, among the gathering crowd.

"Anyhow," the saloon keeper urged decisively, "the feller's broke."

"I will pay," said the minister.

"Well, I be damned," exclaimed the saloon keeper, turning with a disgusting shrug and motioning toward the stairs.

The man's name, it appeared, was Louie, and he was a well-known character. The boys helped carry him upstairs and the Rev. Higgins set to work to get him clean enough to put to bed. It took basins and basins of water and much soap, as well as a strong stomach to do the work, but the minister did it. These lumber workers wear several pairs of socks at once to keep their feet warm. This man's feet had been encased in the same covering during his weeks-long jam-boree, and when Higgins pulled off Louie's rubber boots and one by one his pairs of socks, the last of them brought the skin from his feet like the peeling from an onion. Revolting details? Yes, but possibly more revolting to the good Samaritan of the lumber woods than to us, and it helps us to know what manner of man it was that punched the jaw of Sore-eyed Kelley in Bemidji. This Gospel of the "right hook" was not such a bad Gospel after all in the place where it was practiced. And Higgins is rather more of a practitioner than a preacher. Some of his practices sound queer in the telling, too, at least to the ultraconservative. For instance, the minute Higgins got Louie into bed he made a bee line for the bar and bought a large flask of whisky. All night thereafter Higgins sat up and fed this whisky to the drunkard—fed it in carefully graduated and diminishing doses.

True, this was a prescription and a process not down in the rubrics of the church; but—Louie had the "jimmies." Higgins was a practical man and he had dealt with "jimmies" before. He knew that his safest treatment was the whisky treatment. So he used it. And it brought Louie round.

AND OFTEN THE RETURN IS WORTH WHILE

IT WAS the next winter that Higgins, tramping through the great woods with a pack upon his back, came just at night to a lumber camp. When the men had finished their dinner and were congregated in the bunk house, the minister opened his pack, distributed old maga-

zines which were eagerly snatched up, passed around a few hymn books, and soon got part of the men to singing. After this he read a chapter out of the Bible and preached—a homely, unfilled sort of sermon that called the sins of lumberjacks by their right names.

At the end of the service the foreman, a huge fellow, came up to Higgins and held out his hand. "I ain't had a drop since," he declared, as his fingers closed in a grip of iron upon the minister missionary's hand. "Don't you know me? I'm Louie." Higgins found it hard to recognize in this stalwart foreman the wretch he had pulled out of the gutter the spring before.

"Do you know what brought me round?" the man went on, beamingly. "It was the socks."

"The socks?" queried Higgins, wondering. The man turned to his bunk and dug out several pairs of the finest of woolen socks and held them up for the minister to recognize.

"Oh, I do remember," confessed the preacher, almost blushing. "I have a dear old Canadian mother of the old-fashioned sort. She would never trust my feet to store socks with all the tramping I do, so at Christmas she sends me a supply of her own knitting."

"And you took your mother's socks and put 'em on my drunken feet there in the hotel because mine wasn't fit? Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Pilot? To treat your mother's Christmas present like that?" (The men of the north woods call Higgins their Sky Pilot.)

"Oh, I'm not ashamed," answered Higgins. "That's just my Gospel—to love your fellow man."

"Well, it wasn't your Gospel got me, Pilot," argued the foreman; "it was them socks. I ain't wore 'em since. I keep 'em to look at, an' I'll never be drunk again, either. Them socks is what done the business—them socks!" And he held them up for a minute, and then with a quick motion buried them in his bunk.

A SON OF THE OPEN ROAD

SUCH things illustrate and elucidate the successes of Higgins. Those successes come because the man is just plainly human and courageously helpful. He was born in the hemlocks of northern Ontario. His father was a pioneer. He fled from civilization. When settlers got so thick that little Francis could run over to the neighbors twenty miles away, on his snowshoes, borrow the morning paper and get back by supper time, things were getting too close and crowded and tenementlike for Higgins, Sr., so he turned and struck out for the open, the wide, wide open, for the completely aboriginal. And he got it. His new home was so close to nature's heart that he found eight separate camps of nature's children, the Indians, right on his own land. And small Francis liked this exceedingly. He almost reverted to nature. To all practical purposes, he became an Indian. He learned their woodcraft, their language, their customs. He learned their love of the woods and got it in himself. At eighteen he was a happy, healthy, husky savage, who was perfectly at home anywhere in the open between Hudson Bay and Lake Superior.

And then came a peripatetic revivalist and the young savage was converted. His religion was of that virulent sort that wants immediately to invoke somebody else. Francis had a chum, a boy as white in the heart and savage in the soul as himself. To this chum he wrote immediately a painfully labored letter. Within two weeks the chum was converted. Shortly thereafter Higgins organized a prayer meeting—what he thinks became the first Christian Endeavor Society in Canada.

SLOW TO START, BUT WHAT A FINISHER!

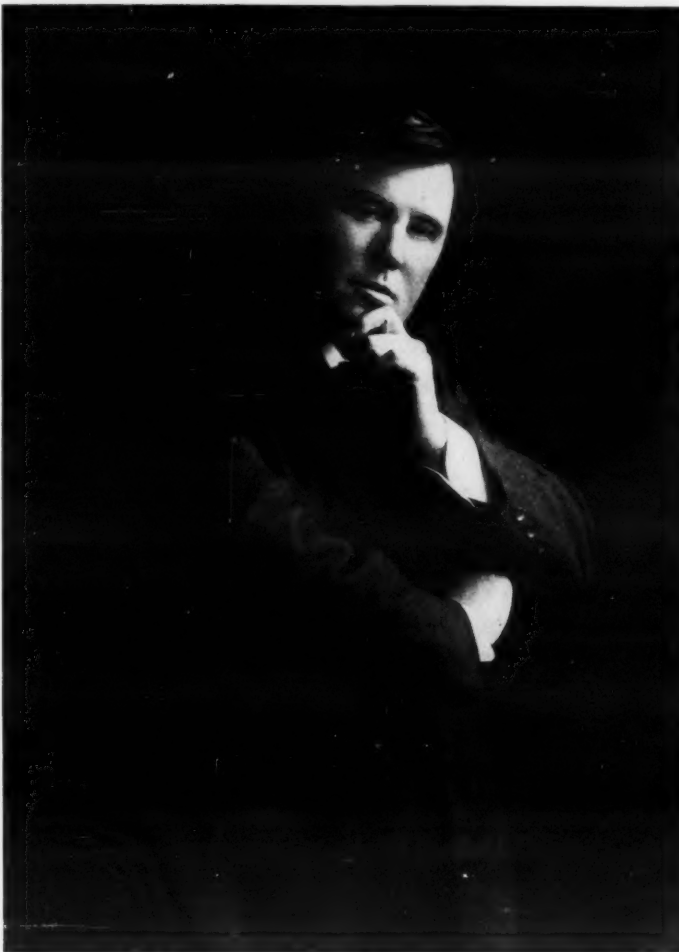
NOW, when a man is converted as Francis Higgins was converted, his ideals change. The young man was ignorant. He knew how to trail a bear or skin a beaver, but he had never once tracked a verb through all its moods and tenses. So he left the woods for civilization and an education. He did not prove a brilliant student. Higgins is the plodding sort. He is a slow starter but a resistless finisher. He was twenty-six years old when he graduated from high school. He had determined to preach. But he was a Presbyterian, and the Presbyterian is a high-brow church, while Frank Higgins is not a high-brow man. He heard the Methodists were wanting preachers over in the lumber regions of Minnesota, and were not so Presbyterianly exacting as to educational requirements so long as a man had character and zeal. Well, Higgins had plenty of character, and he was actually long on zeal. So as early as 1890 he became pastor of a Methodist church at Annandale, Minn., but by 1894 he had got back in the Presbyterian fold, having charge of a church of that persuasion at Barnum, Minn., and the very first week he rolls Louie out of the gutter, puts his mother's socks on his feet, and begins to make a man of him.

At Barnum he got his first introduction to the Minnesota lumberjack, and took to him instantly. He was a man of the woods himself. The lure of the wild held his own soul in bonds. He knew what sort of hearts were under these flannel shirts, for he had one of them himself. As he saw the saloons and gamblers and

brothel keepers encompassing these men like brigands, taking their money and destroying their characters; as he learned how men work in these woods ten or twenty years, winter after winter, only to come out and be fleeced each springtime in the same old way, spending the heated summer in the harvest field or on railroad construction work, to drift back to the woods in the autumn and go through the same old process, the enthusiastic young minister felt a great yearning in his breast to help these men. And he did help them.

THIS IS SERVICE, IF WE UNDERSTAND THE WORD!

ON SUNDAY he would preach to the townsfolk, and on Monday he would take a pack of Bibles, hymn books, and reading matter and fare off through the woods from camp to camp. Sometimes he failed to make a camp by nightfall, and housed himself in the snow at the foot of a fir, and trudged on next morning; but three or four nights of the week he would be haranguing a group of lumberjacks in a bunk house. At first the men used to hear him with suspicion. Everybody preyed on them. They thought this was some new graft, and waited to see where the touch came in. But they never saw. Higgins never asked for money—never proposed



Higgins is no quitter. The missionary to the lumberjack must be of lumberjack stuff—and Higgins is

a collection. He was always tactful, always sympathetic, always patient—even with disturbers, up to a certain limit. After that limit off would come the coat of the preacher. There would be an ejection or a thrashing. Then the meeting would proceed almost as if nothing had happened; almost, but not quite, for there was no escaping a deeper sense of respect on the part of the auditors after one of these episodes had put the preacher to the test. For six or seven years Higgins put in his time with small churches in the timber districts, preaching at home on Sundays, tramping through the week in winter; but when spring put an end to logging and the river runs began, the preacher spent his days in the towns, fighting with the human wolves for the men of the camps, fighting to get them by the cordon of hell holes undebauched, to get their money safely away to needy families or safely in bank out of reach of the bloodthirsty brigands to whom a lumberjack was only a hazelnut to be cracked and thrown aside when the kernel was extracted.

A WORKER ON THEOLOGICAL PROBATION

BY 1902 the Presbytery of Duluth had come to a sort of appreciation of Higgins. The chasing of their young theologian out of Bemidji by Sore-eyed Kelley and his crowd made them realize the need of a different type of man. So the Presbytery said to Higgins: "If you will take the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, at a salary of six hundred dollars, we will give you a four-year course in the Duluth Presbytery; and if you can pass the examination, we will ordain you."

This promise of ordination touched Higgins on his tenderest spot. He never had got over regretting that late state of his in the matter of education. He wanted

some sort of diploma, some stamp of the schools or institutions, on all his belated scholastic efforts. Above all, he wanted to be ordained to preach in the proud Presbyterian Church which in his youth he had learned to love and venerate. So he accepted the call to Bemidji, and continued his far-flung pastorate among the men of the timber camps, both in the woods and in the streets. He was brother to them all. They all knew him now. They had heard him preach in their camps. They came to see him when they got to town. Some gave him their money for safe keeping; others gave him also their home addresses, and said "send it!" But, as usual, by far the majority fell into the clutches of the enemy. Frequently men would come hurrying to Higgins and say: "Come quick, Pilot! Joe Brown or Paddy-the-Pig or Murray-the-Beast—nicknames that spoke eloquently of the lives these men led—is in Scotty's place, and they're takin' all his money from him."

And the Pilot would enter Scotty's and get hold of Joe or Paddy or Murray and lead him out. But sometimes he had to fight first. With bung starters and cuspidors and bare hands there would begin a battle that might mean broken heads and bones; and when such times came the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church bore his part right valiantly. He had some narrow escapes. He got his share of the hard cracks; but, too, he always got his man. Sometimes he took him from the gamblers. Sometimes he dug his way through the heaped up bodies in the "snake room" to a poor devil who might have been lying in that filth for days, but always Higgins brought out the man he went in for, and sometimes others. After a while men who were sober learned better than to try to stop Higgins. The man bore a charmed life. He was strong as a bull. He had a chin on him like the nose of a battleship and two terrible hands.

THE PRESBYTERY "THREW HIM OUT"

BUT all this time Higgins was studying theology with his eye on that coveted ordination. Every six months he took his examinations, and every six months he scraped through; not often with honors, and sometimes it was no more than a scrape, but he got through. And then there came the final examination before that Presbyterian Sanhedrin. Higgins faced the ordeal with confidence. They had promised him if—and he had sustained his examinations; but to his dismay he saw that the personnel of the Presbytery was changed considerably since that promise. There were Pharaohs of theology here who knew not Francis nor the bargain struck with him. The examiners made short work of the poor lumberjack's hopes. In Higgins's own words, "they threw me out."

This was a hard blow, almost an unfair blow. He is a pretty strong man, this Higgins. He was forty years old then. And they would not ordain him! He had to dig his brawny fists into his eyes to keep back the tears. Perhaps he did not altogether succeed in keeping them back.

But Higgins is no quitter. He went away and studied for another year, between whiles of his ministry to the lumberjacks; and then came back and presented himself once more for ordination. Once more his questioners were able to muddle him, and again "they threw me out," says Higgins.

And Higgins went back to Bemidji to his tomes and to his timberjacks, and twelve months later presented himself again for ordination. Indeed, these examinations of Higgins for ordination papers had come to be an annual feature of the Duluth Presbytery. This year the examiner felt his duty strongly. He thought it was time this farce came to an end.

"YOU WILL NEVER REFUSE ME AGAIN"

HIS interrogatories took rather a wide range. He did not ask Higgins if he had visited the sick, if he had given bread to the hungry, if he had sought out those in prison. But he did ask what Cæsar ruled in Rome when Paul was a prisoner there, and what was the difference between a pronoun and an adverb, and how he would prove the existence of God.

And the preacher to the lumberjacks became as confused as his inquisitor would have been if Sore-eyed Kelley had addressed the kind of remarks to him that he did to Higgins that first day in Bemidji.

Thereupon and, as it thought, finally, the Presbytery rejected the application of Francis E. Higgins for ordination papers. They even refused him a license to preach. For a third time they threw him out. Would he go? Yes, he would go this time. The patience of the patient one, whose ministry had been long since hallowed by the touch of a hand from on high, was exhausted. He was done with Presbyteries now. He had found them too hard of heart. He was done with ordinations. He even began to think that ordinations got with definitions were not worth much. So he stood up and said in a low, tense voice weighed down by the heaviness of his very great disappointment:

"Brethren, you will never refuse me that again. The fact is, I am ordained already. [Sensation.] I am ordained of God!"

(Concluded on page 29)



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DOMESTIC-SCIENCE in the schools is doing great things for the housekeepers of tomorrow—and for those of today who heed the lessons which enthusiastic children carry home. The shortest, straightest way into the household leads through the school-room.

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Progressive Promise

(Continued from page 9)

conomic forces, such, for example, as those set in motion by the railway, telegraph, and telephone. On the other hand, it is just as wrong and wild to say that these industrial and financial giants shall do as they like.

The Progressives would control and regulate them by the National Government according to the same principle that railroads and banks already are so controlled and regulated. We would apply to them restrictions of the same strong and effective character that other modern nations have applied successfully to their organizations of like nature. We would end the intolerable business uncertainty created by the Sherman law as it stands by laws clearly stating what business men may and may not do; and we would make the punishment for violation of these laws not money fines, which never hurt the offender but only the people, who must pay them in the end; instead, we Progressives would punish the real wrongdoer by sending him to prison.

THE TARIFF PLAN

WE would deal with the tariff in the same spirit, and by modern and well-tested methods. It is as absurd as it is harmful that American business should be upset every few years by tariff explosions and kept from normal development in the period between by uncertainty as to the tariff future. There is no natural reason for this, and it does not occur in any rival country. To prevent it here we would adjust our tariff to changing conditions both abroad and at home, just as prudent business men do in their own affairs, just as other nations have done and are doing so well, and to the signal satisfaction of their business men and their whole people. We would establish a genuine, permanent, nonpartisan tariff commission as firmly in our laws as the Interstate Commerce Commission, and make it as independent, powerful, and efficient as that great instrument of our Government is in its field. By its aid we would rebuild the American tariff, according to the protective principle, but absolutely free from those extortionate and dishonestly high rates and those unjust and shocking inequalities which have characterized our tariffs in the past, no matter by what party enacted.

We would solve that great group of grave sociological questions, such as those which concern women wage earners, child labor, injured workmen, and their families when killed, the diseased, the aged, the unemployed, and like subjects, not exclusively from the commodity viewpoint, which is that of the two old parties, but much more from the human viewpoint, which peculiarly is that of the Progressive party.

The general principles with which we would view and solve these questions is that of humanity instead of that of commercialism. We consider that all men, women, and children are human beings, and that society must treat them as such; and we think that the fact that they are laboring people does not relieve us from considering them as human beings to be cared for as such, rather than to consider them as mere commodities of the market place, to be bought, used, and cast aside when efficiency is exhausted.

RECOGNIZES URBAN PROBLEM

THE Progressive program includes a modern, human, and businesslike dealing with city governments as well as those of State and nation. Ours is the first American political party that recognizes the urban problem. The Progressive party, as such, in this important phase of our daily life is taking the first step toward bringing the administration of American cities up to the best standards which the experience of the world has evolved. This, of course, is a subject not within the scope of the theory of government held by the two old parties. They think of city government only as a means of party advantage and a subject for partisan exploitation. It is at this very root of American life that the boss system does its subtlest and most vicious work.

In a single word, the Progressive party would enable the American people to make the most of our country and of their own lives. We look upon human happiness, the building of character, and the development of usefulness as great ends of civilization; and we would use the powers of Government to clear away those obstacles which keep the people back from achieving those supreme ends.

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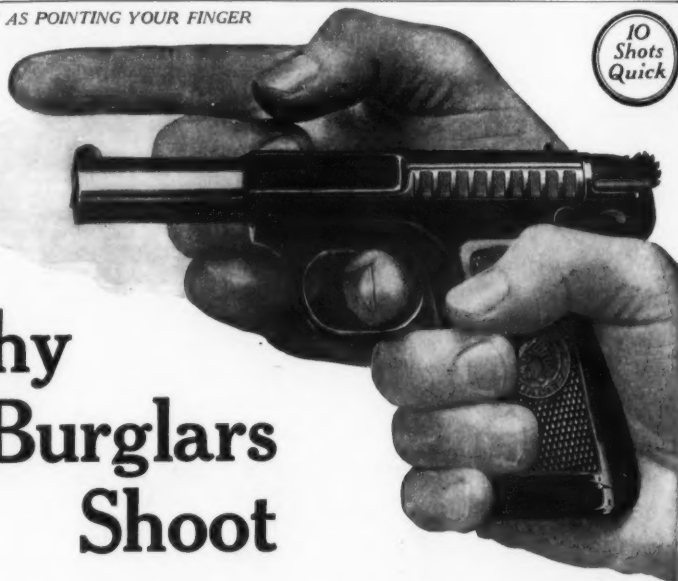
You protest you have nothing. It is in vain. He wants quick action, not denials. He is exasperated and will not be balked. He sees he must use force, must assault you to make you give up. Time is precious and the burglar's finger is on the trigger.

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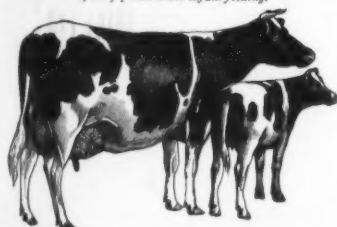
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A New Star

(Concluded from page 15)

are little bits of pathos that grip the spectator by the throat before he knows it, and the quite dazzling result she achieves when she chooses suddenly to open her big and unusually expressive eyes and turn on, full force, her dazzling smile.

The play itself, aside from the lines given to "Peg," is a claptrap affair, aimed entirely to bring into prominence, and act as a feeder for, Miss Taylor's special charms. It was designed for her by her husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners, and is a labor of love for which she should be extremely grateful. The first few moments of it, before she appeared, were ghastly beyond belief, but as soon as Peg slouched in, with her accent and her char-rum, as Maggie Wylie would say, the conventional machine was forgotten and everybody had a good time.

Another View of "Peg o' My Heart"

By Another Member of Collier's Staff

INFINITELY preferring a quiet evening in our respective homes, and in that unpleasant state of mind when pleasure becomes a duty, we got into our seats just as Peg came on, motherless "Peg o' My Heart," with a delicious brogue and a smile like nothing else in the world. One of us laughed at a line and the others followed suit. Gradually our initial mood vanished. We began to be sympathetic when the distinction was made between the pampered lap dog and Peg's shaggy little Michael. Who could be out of accord with the unquenchable pertness of the girl, exclaiming, when she sees her cousin inhaling a cigarette through an amber holder: "I suppose, with that thing, ye make yerself think ye're shoking a pipe?" We became a harmonious part of the big audience that wanted to oust those proud relations who treated Peg so shabbily, applauding with joy as Peg burst forth at her obnoxious aunt: "Ye're no mother. A fine mother ye are! Ye don't even know what yer daughter's thinkin' of. Me faather's a better mother than ye are." This is inadequate. You can't put the b-r-r-r in type. That burr ensnared us. Mortal couldn't resist it. Even the sportsman, who had been frankly glum at first, dragged his chair nearer in the middle of the first act, and, toward the end of the second, leaned forward to whisper: "I am glad you made me come. It's a bully show."

After we had seen Peg through to her final triumph, in the arms of Sir Jerry, we all went back to tell her how splendid she was. At a remark of one of the beautiful ladies, she clapped her hands like the child she looks: "You do think it's a better play than the 'Bird of Paradise'? I'm so glad to hear you say that. My husband wrote it, you know."

Then on the way home reproaches came from all sides: "Why did you say it wasn't a good play?" "The lines are awfully bright." "It's very human"—all this from these people who a few hours before had been too tired to take an interest in anything. That's the answer. Their verdict seems a reasonable one. Certainly it is not a big play, nor particularly new, but there is a sprightliness about it, and it's clean. Whether it might be dull under other conditions is not important. What does that matter if you are happy under the existing ones? Laurette Taylor's magnetism, before which we even forget the admirable technique of the actress, makes "Peg o' My Heart" a play that will enchant almost any amusement-seeking soul, and that Hartley Manners may be responsible to only a comparatively slight degree is no great concern of the audience.

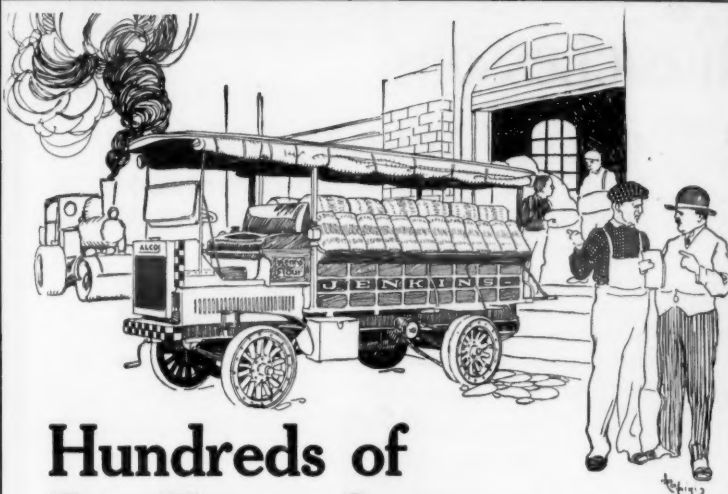
"Heart's Gold"

By ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG

Gold that makes the heart worth while
Is not a metal wrung from mine,
Nor is it gold that mints refine.

Heart's Gold is smelted in a Love
That's great and noble, deep and broad—
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Coal

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The Seacomet Coal Company of Providence, R. I., save 20 cents a ton. One Alco owned by the Godfrey Coal Company of Milton, Mass., displaces four horses.

Contractors

On One Trip Hauls 18 Tons

Carlson & Torell of Hartford, Conn., make 80 miles a day now—horses did well to make ten. John Quinlan of Montreal has four trailers attached to his Alco, and hauls on each trip 18 tons. Palmer Bros. Construction Company of San Diego, Cal., move houses with their Alco.

Dairies

Supplant 9 Horses by Alco

One Alco in service of the South Lincoln Dairy Supply Company of Boston displaces 9 horses. The Alco truck owned by Levy Dairy Company of New York replaces 8 horses.

Dry Goods

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Lord & Taylor of New York City use their Alco day and night. The Spokane Dry Goods Company are saving 33½ per cent.

Express

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Over \$290,000 is invested in Alco trucks by express companies. One company has over \$136,000 in Alcos. The American Express Company operate 28, the Long Island Express 20, Westcott Express Company 12, Wells Fargo 6.

Farmers

Increase Profits \$22 a Trip

Alfred P. Griffith of Azusa, Cal., saves \$30 a month in salaries alone by his Alco. Charles Siedler of Maxville, Mo., profits \$22 per trip.

Furniture

Save Over \$100 Per Month

G. C. Flint & Company of New York now accomplish with one Alco in one day work that horses did in two days. The Kennedy Furniture Company of Chicago have tripled their radius of delivery.

Grocers

6 Alcos Replace 36 Horses

Each of six Alcos owned by T. C. Jenkins of Pittsburgh displaces six horses.

Ice

Save 66½ Per Cent Over Horses

The Hygienic Ice Company of Chicago have done away with three teams at a saving of 66½ per cent over horses.

Leather

Does Work of 20 Horses

The Alco owned by the Wagner Leather Company of Briceland, Cal., displaces 20 horses; five 4-horse teams.

Lumber

Load Alco in 2 Minutes

Two Alcos in the service of the Newburg Motor Transportation Company of Los Angeles displaces six 2-horse teams. Each loads up in two minutes. Watson & Pittinger of Brooklyn, load lumber on their Alco in two minutes by a special device.

Miners

Replace 18 Horses in Alaska

One Alco owned by the Alaska-Gastineau Mining Company of Juneau, Alaska, in the Chilkoot Mountains, replaces 18 horses.

Movers

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Packers

Save by Alco 47 Per Cent

Nearly all the big packers own Alcos—Morris & Company, Swift & Company, Armour & Company, and so on. Morris has ten. Roberts & Oake of Chicago have two Alcos, which average a dividend of 47 per cent.

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Costs Cut in Half by Alco

Rice & Hutchins of New England have cut down their shoe delivery cost 50 per cent.

Truckmen

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Holzhausen & Duncan of Los Angeles earn \$8 a load. The Cartwright Draying Company of San Francisco use a trailer which gives them 8 tons to a trip.

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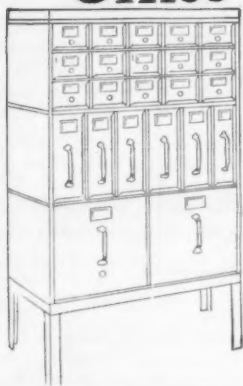
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Smiting the Hand that Feeds

Part II—Why There is an Away-from-the-Farm Movement

By **HUGH IRISH**

GLANCE at the glossary of epithets with which the farmer is cheered on his easeful, rose-studded way while doing the work that nobody else on earth deigns to do: Hayseed, Clodhopper, Rube, Jay, Hey-Rube, Farmer John, Country Jake, Rutabaga Delegate, Alfalfa Member, Turnip Shepherd, Rustic, Rural Swain, Our Friend from the Back Counties, Whiskerino, Uncle. Who Uncles the railway employees or even the ditchers? That term can be made to express a condescension as vast as it is insulting. Sell the farmer the Masonic Temple, if you will, or charge him two dollars to see it revolve on its base (in your newspapers), provide him with a packet of seeds for raising electric-light plants, but do not Uncle him.

Why does the farmer appear so funny and so contemptible to the others? It is as though the complex machinery of civilization condemned a portion of the race to slavish tasks—and the slaves to contempt. But the slaves of history were scarcely a source of mirth! The inevitable bucolic character resulting from isolation, the peculiarities of manner and necessities of dress incident to the calling of the farmer have given the contumely of the world a humorous turn. Herein the farmer has unwittingly brought forth a byproduct that is only a little less prized by those whom he serves than is the food he painfully digs from an unwilling earth.

It is a strange phenomenon. Were we to start all over again now with a knowledge of the nature of farming, those condemned to this service would be looked upon as martyrs to a great cause. Every effort of the others would be directed toward upholding their hands. Gratitude, self-interest, and pity would vie to show them every consideration and courtesy. Moreover, the scheme would provide a system of rotation that assigned this undesirable portion to each in his turn.

Let me tell you, briefly, the story of one woman. Fate, as if in mockery, decreed that her parents should call her Flora, a name that suggests the beautiful life of a flower. From her earliest childhood her child mind was never free from responsibilities, for she was "little mother" to a brood of younger brothers and sisters. Her schooling just about enabled her to read and write laboriously.

At eighteen she married the son of a neighboring farmer and they settled down on a part of her father-in-law's farm. Her life was practically without social diversion, both before and after her marriage. It was just a bald, hurried existence from day to day, without a thought outside humdrum interests, as repetitive and monotonous as the beat of the surf on a barren rock.

Their rude dwelling stood in the midst of a wide, lonely prairie, beside a narrow, hedge-girt lane, which in summer was weed grown and dusty, in winter often filled with snow. The dooryard was worn bare with the passing of fowls. The stable lot, fenced with rails and littered with little heaps of offal, lay but a few yards from the door, and was never a thing of beauty. A small orchard stood back of the house; but I doubt if the songs of the God-sent birds that mated there in summer were ever heard by this twain, who never raised their eyes from task on task.

Her husband was ambitious for gain—a hereditary family trait with him—and she acquiesced in his plans as listlessly as a led horse. Nay, more; she even responded to his fever for ceaseless toil with a dull, spiritless energy that was unremitting.

There in that isolated spot, day after day and year after year, from four o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, they treaded the mill of the seasons.

THE WHOLE OF HER LIFE

THE mating of this pair had been little more than the urge of the basic passion of life. Narrow acquaintanceship limited the choice of loves. One married whom one could, and propinquity was often the determinant factor. They were kind to each other, but there was no more room for love in the life they led than in that of the goaded ox.

Children came, four of them in six years, adding incalculably to the wife's burdens. No maternity hospital, mind you; no trained nurse, not even a hired girl; simply the care of mother and the

neighbors for a week or so, and then up and at the work again. A picture lingers with me of that woman, with a fretful, two-weeks-old baby in her arms, standing over a hot stove on a suffocating summer evening, cooking the late supper, with hours of work yet to do before the welcome unconsciousness of heavy sleep.

Then, before the next baby was born, the end came. While out cleaning the yard, her dress caught fire from the burning refuse and burned on her. Her sick room was a place of kindly but unskillful nursing, of toddling infants, of curious or overkind neighbors. Four weeks of agony she endured with a mute patience more terrible than plaint or writhings, and then came rest. Death could have had no other meaning for her than just rest. Who shall say that the tragedy of her passing was commensurate with that of added years of toil? As she passed for the last time down that narrow lane, the green of early spring just peeping through the brown of winter, the measured footfalls of the heavy farm horses in that little funeral train seemed to me to be beating out the finale of a heroic march.

Thus fought one woman the battle to feed a race. Soldiers go forth to war and are lauded; this woman fought a more arduous fight. There were more "morns of toil," more "nights of waking," more forced marches for aching feet. She fought alone, without the enlisting of numbers, the joys of camp, the cheer of martial music. And if, in lieu of the soldier's place in history, his memorials of pageant and of stone, she has, above her weed-grown grave in the little hillside cemetery, only a simple two-foot slab, chiseled with the data of her pitiful years, she rests, she rests beneath.

GROWING CONTEMPT FOR THE FARMER

THE attitude of jeering scorn toward the farmer has been growing in the race a long time. "Let not Ambition mock their useful toil," adjoined Thomas Gray more than a century and a half ago. I am aware that nothing I can say, nothing anybody can say, will have the slightest effect toward abating the prejudice. It seems destined to continue and even to increase. The ever-intensifying scramble for great wealth, and its attendant snobbishness, are multiplying the disdain of the fastidious parasite for its stolid victim. Standing before the fact in confessed helplessness, suggesting no remedy, I am, nevertheless, conscious of a resentment like that with which one might observe a man striking his mother.

The number from the other occupations who take up farming is so small that it is practically negligible. However, farming is not a caste; one can get out of it, even though no one offers to take one's place. The process is a simple one. You quit and go to something else. These despised acolytes of Ceres are deserting her temple for other callings in an exodus that is appalling. The cities are replenished, in large measure, by their influx. Meantime, the price of food products advances to prohibitive prices.

The high cost of living is (not to exclude others), mainly, the result of two causes: the comparative scarcity of farm labor is one; the other, plain extortion, often aided and abetted. The man who pays a hotel keeper \$3.20 for exactly the same food that a charitable organization is able to serve without loss at fifteen cents really pays for something other than food and service—the opportunity to be exclusive, to get away from the common herd.

Having received all the benefits he thinks he is likely to get, he now turns coldly from his benefactor. It is another case of smiting the hand that feeds.

Entirely different is the case of the poor housewife as she goes to the market. She is possessed of no such notions of self-segregation. And if she is forced to content herself and family with a small piece of meat when a larger one would be very welcome, she is in part the victim of the scarcity of farm labor, and in part of somebody's ambition to amass enough wealth quickly to enable him to go to the three-twenty hotel—and escape the common herd.

There is no balancing movement toward the farm of those who would take the place of the deserting farmers. Much has been written in recent years of a



IS knotting your evening tie a task? Make it a pleasure with the "QUIC-LOCK" Dress Tie. Two little tabs that fit between your collar and shirtband keep the "QUICLOCK" Dress Tie immovably in place.

May be tied either with the right or left hand—is reversible—may be lengthened or shortened—comes in 1/2 sizes to fit every collar and in Black and White fabrics for semi-formal or formal dress.

Worn by the best-dressed men and sold by the best-kept shops. Look for the *Winged Foot*. For a postcard, a dainty booklet on the Etiquette of Men's Dress.

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Thoroughly applied makes any kind of shoes waterproof.

It makes them wear better by keeping them soft, and does not change their appearance nor prevent polishing. Send for FREE Test Tag.

25c a can at shoe dealers or direct from us. Fitz Chemical Co., 482 Broad St., Phillipsburg, N. J.

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In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 bicycle. Write for Special offer. **Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models \$10 to \$27** with Coaster-Breaker and Pneumatic-Tires. **1911 & 1912 Models \$7 to \$12** all of best makes. **100 Second-Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8** good as new. **Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE.** We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, mudguards, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. **DO NOT BUY** until you get our estimate and offer. Write now. **HEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G-54, CHICAGO**



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These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana**

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"A delightful quality smoke of natural fragrance."

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positions are very desirable. Good salary, short hours, easy work, pleasant surroundings, life positions, 30 days vacation and 30 days sick leave annually with pay, 46,202 appointments made last year. No political pull needed. Common school education sufficient. Full information about how to secure these positions and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free. **COLUMBIAN CORRESP. COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

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416 West 13th Street, New York

Smiting the Hand

(Concluded from page 26)

mythical "Back to the Soil" tendency. It is mostly fiction. The few who make the attempt soon give it up with loud execrations.

There is, however, a marked change in farming conditions from what they were a few years ago. The work of the agricultural departments of universities, and like agencies, have done much to raise the standard of the life. Farmers' publications should receive their just meed of credit for the uplift. Improved machinery has greatly lightened the farmer's burdens.

The telephone, the rural delivery of mail with its daily newspaper, render farm life less isolated and monotonous. Farmers are buying automobiles, and these render the social life of the villages and towns accessible. Their children attend the village high school, many of them going away to colleges and universities.

This change should encourage hope; but, so far as the future of the industry is concerned, its ultimate effect is in doubt.

At present it seems merely to open the eyes of an ever-increasing number to better things—to add to the deriders from the ranks of the derided. Moreover, there are certain features of farm life that have not changed, probably never will. The burning afternoon sun of summer is just as hot to-day as it was that day it sizzled me into registering a solemn vow that that should be my last summer on the farm. I am assured, too, that the pigs are as odorous as they were twenty-five years ago.

Until some kindly scientific wizard shall bring forth an odorless breed of swine, a tailless cow with fly-proof back, a self-cleaning barnyard and stable floor, there will continue to be some duties about the farm at which the city dweller will turn up his nose in a boundless disgust.

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE SEE?

IT is the immediate future of farming that contains a note of alarm. The urban population of Illinois, a typical agricultural State, increased 30.4 per cent in the decade closing in 1910. In the same period the rural population of the State increased only 0.3 per cent.

The youth of the farms are literally flocking to the cities in droves. "Country Life Conferences," and bureaucratic efforts to make farm life more attractive, are well intentioned; but I greatly fear these agencies will never be able to stem the tide that sets cityward, while popular prejudice continues to stigmatize the country dweller. They refuse to longer serve as scavenger and hairdresser to a drove of horses, maseur to a herd of cows, and bottle nurse to the orphaned pig and lamb, in behalf of those whose quiet smile or covert sneer is more galling than a slap in the face.

We shall print
in our issues of
January 25
and
February 1
two extremely
important
articles
by
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These little step-savers will put an end to stair-climbing in that home of yours. The simple way, the easy way, the modern way of housekeeping. Nothing complicated—simply pushing a button makes the connection.

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Less than \$15.00 will buy a pair of these practical little telephones, and the necessary wire and batteries. They cost no more to use than your door-bell. If not at your dealer's, we will supply you direct.

Send for Booklet No. 21-C, "The Way of Convenience," full of helpful hints for home-makers.



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Instant Auto Clinch Patch Outfit. Instead Of putting in a new inner tube, instantly repair the puncture and go on your way. It's easy with the Instant Auto Clinch Patch Outfit. Costs only \$2.50 and will repair ten punctures. Small patches perfectly seal punctures up to half inch; large patches up to an inch. Patches are made of specially prepared vulcanizing rubber. One on the inside of the tube and one on the out are firmly clinched together to make an absolutely air-tight repair. Done easily and quickly. The running heat of the tire does the vulcanizing. To show the outfit is to sell it. Good profit. Write for terms. Utility Home & Auto Supply Co., Western Springs, Ill.

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"Alca," The Famous \$6.00 Vacuum Cleaner, seeks a few more willing agents to show its merits, and promises prosperity and success in return. Write for glit-edge proposition. Alca Co., 366 West 50th St., New York.

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Good Chance For One Man Or Woman In Each town to make big money distributing free circulars and taking orders for concentrated favoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 445-K Dearborn St., Chicago.

Salesmen: Sell The Jewel Vacuum Sweeper— not electric. A big winner, low price, splendid profit. We treat you as a merchant with credit rating, and advertise in your home newspaper over your own name. Representatives meeting wonderful success. Address General Appliance Factory, 1364 Main St., Marinette, Wis.

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We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoedley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch, Wichita, Kansas.

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Specialty Salesmen Wanted To Place Our Shet- land ponies in high class advertising stunts among merchants and theatres. We have the ponies and the novel attractive plan. Dunlap Pony Co., North St., Greenfield, O.

Why Not Double Your Income? There's No reason why you can't. It's not a question of work, it's a question of getting better. The Sheldon School will teach you how to multiply your efficiency and your income through the application of the simple, natural laws that govern every business relation. Write for splendid book, "The Service Idea." The Sheldon School, 1385 Republic Building, Chicago.

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 300 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring system, full instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in agent's own name. No experience necessary. Send no money—only your name and address today. We need men immediately. Reliable Tailoring Company, 348 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Income Insurance: Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of \$25 weekly for sickness or injury, \$5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$2000 Accidental Death, \$15 wkly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost \$5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Wanted: Live Wire Representatives For High- grade patented article. Splendid side line specialty. Also standard seller to barbers, hotels, hairdressers and best homes. Write for special offer. Give free particulars first letter, stating territory desired. Santax Company, 2340 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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Agents To Sell Cigar Lighters To Stores. New invention. Different from all others, no experience required. Big profits. Full information, terms. Address Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Why Not Build Up A Business Of Your Own? U. S. Chemical Fire Extinguishers easily sell everywhere. Immense profits. Protected territory to local and State representatives. United Mfg. Co., 1241 Jefferson, Toledo, O.

Any One Of Our "26" Best Sellers Paves The way for 26 sales in every home. Agents make large profits. For terms and particulars write D. L. Silver & Company, Department C, Clayton, N. J.

Big Cash Bonus Monthly And Large Profits. Best 25c seller. A two Minute demonstration makes every call a sale. Free sample and particulars. G. V. Sales Co., 20 Spruce St., New York.

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Hustling Agents Wanted For Our Fast Selling Sanitary Household Brushes. Steady work. Big profits. Postal brings particulars. Dept. D. Hale & Kavanek, New Britain, Conn.

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Special Get Acquainted Offer, \$5.00 Yearly, old-line policy against sickness and accident. Pays \$2,500 death, \$12.50 weekly disability benefit; \$25.00 weekly Hospital Benefit for accident; \$12.50 Weekly Benefit for sickness. Write for application. Representatives wanted. L. B. Smutz, Mgr., 265 N. 7th, St. Louis, Mo.

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System Is The Heart Of A Department Store and the very life-blood itself of system is a thorough knowledge of the most economic way to run this system. Years of study among Department Store merchants has produced our "Department Stores Bulletin." Free—if requested on your letterhead,—covers the most approved methods of analyzing each clerk's and each department's work. This gives you an unbiased statement of your business. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 100 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Local Manager In Each City Not Yet Allotted, to sell Cisco—a big money saver to local automobile owners, supply houses and garages. No competition. Large immediate profits. Must be able to handle salesmen and have from \$50 to \$250 cash in proportion to awarded territory. No proposition like this ever before offered. Don't write unless you can qualify with cash as well as references and we will submit you an unusually attractive opening. Address E. C. Routhahn, 127 Duane St., Suite 94, New York.

Preparatory School For Sale: A Controlling interest in one of the largest, best known and best equipped preparatory schools for boys in the South. Full particulars on application. Preparatory School, Post Office Box 926, Atlanta, Ga.

Enormous Profits And Your Own Business. A great deal of money can be made operating our new automatic Ten Pin alley. It is the newest, quietest, automatic bowling alley in existence. No helpers necessary to set pins and return balls. Testimonials show where men are rapidly turning over capital. Any location will do in small or large towns. We will sell only one person in your locality. Only \$150 capital required. This is a real opportunity. Write for particulars and agency for your locality. Profit Amusement Co., 27 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Opportunity Comes But Once? Nonsense! Opportunity is always waiting for you around the corner. She is as ubiquitous as the policeman. Perhaps it is your fault that you have not met her yet. Let us introduce you. Read the classified advertisements on this page under the heading Business Opportunities. These wonderful little advertisements, appearing twice each month, will prove to you that the opportunities of today are far greater than yesterday's, that tomorrow's will be greater still. Modern science, modern inventions, and twentieth century business methods have opened up thousands of new avenues where you and opportunity may meet. Look for the heading Business Opportunities and remember this: Opportunities must be sought—They seek no man.

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"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

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Turn Your Spare Time Into Cash. By New method just invented I teach anybody to write stories that sell. Particulars free. H. A. Phillips, Editor, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

ADVERTISING

If You Could Have Ready At Hand At All Times a directory or an index of helps for entertaining—favor ideas—suggestions for prizes—novel place cards—books if suggesting various sorts of entertainments, games, etc.; if you had such an index ready at your hand wouldn't it be of value to you? In an effort to help you, Collier's National Directory, under the heading "How to Entertain," is gathering the announcements of advertisers everywhere who have some of the above-mentioned things for sale. You will always find something interesting among the various classifications. Also, by adding such classifications as "Best Books to Read," "For Your Home," "How to Entertain," "Business Builders," "Increase Your Efficiency," "For Your Children," etc., we have started a selective process which will bring to you descriptions of books—of old hits of furniture—hints for gifts—things for your children—and many other items of merchandise news which you will be glad to know about during the course of a year.

The Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks

(Concluded from page 22)

For the space of almost a minute there was sudden, searching silence while a heavy, plod-footed man turned and, with shoulders thrown back and head high, walked out into the open air where God is undefined.

It is a pleasure to record that thereafter this same Presbytery sent for Higgins, and of its own motion ordained him. It is as proud of him to-day as is the whole Presbyterian Church.

HE FOUGHT THE SALOONS

HIGGINS regarded liquor selling as the principal enemy of the lumberjack. He lambasted the saloon unmercifully in his pulpit. Once he swore out warrants against the evil resorts in his town, but the county attorney refused to allow them to be served, declaring that "no preacher is going to run this town." The preacher went over the county attorney's head to the Attorney General of the State and even to the Governor. But they told him there was nothing they could do unless local sentiment were first aroused. And the preacher set to work to rouse local sentiment. Everywhere he went in the timber towns he inveighed against the liquor sellers. The W. C. T. U. helped him tremendously. Then "Pussy-foot" Johnson, one of the most sagacious foes of illegal liquor selling, got into the fight with Higgins. He dug up this old Indian treaty in which liquor selling on this soil was forever banned, and while Johnson was getting action on this Higgins was getting action from the people themselves. The inevitable happened. The moral conscience awakened. The slow wrath of the people kindled.

It came to Bemidji with all the suddenness of an explosion. The people arose and purged the town. They had a regular Carrie Nation time. The liquor was smashed at the bars. The gaming tables were burned in the streets. The brothels turned to ashes in a night.

And the Rev. Francis E. Higgins thanked God and took courage. He continued to go in and out among the people, fighting the sins and loving the sinners. He was as quick to come at the call of a saloon keeper or a gambler as for one of his lumberjacks. His work prospered. His circuits widened. Friends sprang up. But he could not personally reach twenty thousand lumberjacks scattered over two hundred miles of timber and be Sky Pilot to them all. He must have help. And help began to come. He resigned his church on faith. All his time was to be for the men of the camps. Then the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions adopted him, and a lady in Yonkers sent the money for his salary. But he must have helpers. And nothing from the theological seminaries would be valuable there. The missionary to the lumberjack must be of lumberjack stuff; so Higgins began to train some of his converts for this service.

THE STORY OF ONE CONVERT

LET me tell you the story of one of these converts, John Sornberger. Sornberger was a bartender, and then he was a prize fighter. He fought and won over two hundred ring battles in the back rooms of saloons in the Minnesota lumber woods. The only knock-out blow he ever

received came from the whisky bottle he put to his own lips. And whisky will ruin a prize fighter as it will ruin any other man. So Sornberger went down the scale again from prize fighter to bartender to biscuit shooter in a lumber camp. He was a good cook but a bad man. He smashed a half-breed with a stone jug one day, and lay out in the woods for months waiting to see if the half-breed died or got well. Fortunately he recovered. During this period Higgins found him, talked to him, touched him, saw him converted; and then went around from county to county where the man was wanted for crimes and got the promise of prosecuting officers to give him a chance. Sornberger made good. He straightened up. He married. He preaches to-day in the very barrooms where once he brawled. He holds evangelistic services in the dance halls where the shouts of the on-lookers had greeted his ring triumphs.

His old friends, now his enemies, give him some pretty raw deals. They told terrible stories about him, and he said: "Yes, that's all so," and went on with his preaching. They went and told his young wife long and awful yarns with sickening details. And she looked at Sornberger, and he hung his head and said: "They are true, all true; they can't imagine anything worse than I was." But still he kept on his way. Then his detractors made one terrible mistake. They whispered a story that reflected on his wife. Sornberger heard it, as it was intended he should hear it. The man is strong as iron. He is agile as a panther. He leaped through the swinging doors of the saloon from which the story emanated. In a trice he had both the proprietor and the barkeeper helpless on the floor, and then with a self-control more terrible than his passion, if that were possible, he said to them in accents that were low and hot: "You can talk about me all you please, and you can't make it bad enough, but I'm ready to answer to God for the life of the man that says a word against her."

HIGGINS A SUPERINTENDENT NOW

AND no man has ventured to breathe such a word from that day to this.

Francis E. Higgins is a superintendent of missions now. He has fourteen evangelists under him, each of whom in a given district does the work that Higgins with his own hands began to do in 1894. John Sornberger and seven others of these fourteen are the converts of those labors.

One of these workers is a woman. The Catholics have placed a noble chain of hospitals at the doors of these lumber woods, and this cheery-faced woman goes from one to another of these hospitals visiting the men whom Higgins and his coworkers send out.

And so the men of this vast snowbound greenery are being redeemed like the timber from the forest.

Francis E. Higgins, who first discovered these lumberjacks, organized the work and still leads in it. Through twenty years of unselfish devotion to the cause of the men in the woods he has earned the affection and regard which they feel for their Sky Pilot.

Constantinople During the Armistice

(Concluded from page 19)

must have died from sheer exhaustion due to hunger and exposure. Through an interpreter I learned from one man, who had not long to live, that his regiment and others near them had campaigned for seven days on two days' rations, fighting by day and retreating by night in the rain and cold of November.

SANTA SOFIA HOUSED THE SICK

THE writing which I began this morning was interrupted late this afternoon by a chance to see Santa Sofia with a Turkish doctor, who is in charge of the augan task of cleaning up the mosques from which the sick have now all been either carried out for burial or sent away to new hospitals and camps.

In the inclosure outside the mosque great quantities of refuse and debris which have been raked out from the interior were burning in smoldering, noisome heaps. I shall not attempt to describe the interior of Santa Sofia. It has beaten the best efforts of the masters. The effect of its dim vastness in the half light of this

winter evening was depressing beyond words. Perhaps never before since the Greek massacre here in 1453 has it been seen just as it then was. Instead of silent rugs outspread under the unshod feet of the faithful, the stones and walls, sprinkled all around with offensive lime and disinfectants, gave back hard, hollow noises as we walked about.

The worshipful character of the building seemed violated, lost, and instead one felt weighed down by shadows. The whole place at that moment was given over to defeat and dissolution. And yet no service or ceremony could have come nearer the worth of a church in the world than the sanctuary this vast Christian interior had given to thousands of weary and heavy-laden Moslems who had made here their last sacrifice.

Once more out in the clean, quiet air we stopped while an attendant washed our shoes in a tub of bichloride solution. In the tranquil eastern sky the new December moon was set silver clear over Asia with the evening star beside it.



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- ¶ These little advertising bulletins, appearing twice each month, give the latest news of reputable dealers who wish to add new men to their sales forces.
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Brickbats & Bouquets

WHEN it is remembered that Democrats will have but a minuscule majority in the Senate, and when it is also remembered that the Democracy has promised tariff reform to the people, and that it must make good with its promise or fall into inevitable disrepute, the value of COLLIER'S warning becomes evident.

—Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Who is responsible for the selection of your so-called short stories? The fool killer has certainly missed a shining mark when he missed him. Is there any moral in such a story as "The Mountains"?

C. D. WITTE.

Every day reveals the truth of the fact set forth by COLLIER'S that there is an indissoluble partnership between the evil influences that menace the integrity of American cities.—Louisville (Ky.) Post.

We may be mistaken, but we believe COLLIER'S WEEKLY is not for legal prohibition, but against it, and it is therefore only a mischief-maker.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Journal.

The "Hawkeye" believes that there are many sane Democrats in Congress who will act as a check on any attempt to carry out COLLIER'S idea of free trade tariff ripping.—Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Let me tell you how deeply and truly and finely the poetry of your Christmas issue reflects the spirit and the meaning of the Christmastide. It is most refreshing in the midst of this most temporal and materialistic and sordid age to feel the touch and get the inspiration of the Master of Ages. Of course, we expect great things from "The" National Weekly—but this is your best.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Even COLLIER'S, commendable weekly that it is, valiant supporter of what it believes to be right and generally is right, appears with a lady of the Gibson style of artistic degeneracy on the front page of the cover.

—Los Angeles (Cal.) Tribune.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY advises us that there is an easy way for every Democrat to help along the Wilson Administration, and that is to refrain from asking for a job for himself or for any of his friends. To the best of our knowledge and belief every Administration since the Government of the United States began has been lacking in just that same sort of assistance. It is legitimate to wonder just what the effect would be.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

Eloquent in its simplicity and clear in prophetic vision.

—Stockton (Cal.) Record.

Senator Warren of Wyoming is not going to disturb COLLIER'S; he knows that they know he is an infernal rascal as well as he knows he is. So it is diplomacy on his part not to nose in for more evidence of a charge, or accusation, when proof is already clinched and compounded. No pure-food label on that duck.

—Durango (Colo.) Democrat.

COLLIER'S has published charges against Senator Warren of Wyoming which if untrue are gross libel. Now the magazine requests the Senator to sue for libel and make it prove its charges; it also challenges him to ask the Senate for an investigation. Should Senator Warren fail to do the one or the other, the general impression will be that "there's a reason."

—La Crosse (Wis.) Tribune.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which made a series of atrocious charges against Senator Warren of Wyoming, is much peeved because the people of that State not only refused to believe the charges but voted to send him back to the Senate. So COLLIER'S, in order to keep the pot a-boiling practically dares the Senator to sue it for libel and threatens him with an investigation at the hands of somebody. Other papers have also intimated that it is up to Mr. Warren to commence a libel action against his traducer or to himself demand an investigation of the "charges."

It is to be hoped, however, that Senator Warren will take neither one of these

courses. His vindication by his own State is enough, and as it may be reasonably assumed that there is no truth in the charges there is nothing to investigate. There is in this country a certain class of publications that lives in the illegitimate and illicit fashion of the so-called white slaves or the equally notorious gunmen. They prostitute public decency for profit; they assassinate the characters of public men for pay. It makes not the slightest difference to these publications whether their victim is an honorable man or whether his public services have been of value to the people. In fact, the more shining the mark the more venomous the attack. No public man is safe from these vermin of the press, and neither a libel suit nor an investigation ever brings him any redress.

—Potsdam (N. Y.) Freeman.

Mark Whatsisname, who is hired by COLLIER'S to spatter mud or worse over the reputations of clean public men.

—Cheyenne (Wyo.) Tribune.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.

To have paid the subscription price of the Weekly still leaves the writer and every other on your list much your debtor. That sum by no means compensates you for the unselfish and most admirable efforts you are making for the good of your countrymen. I beg you will accept my personal thanks, that I may feel my obligation to you is, at least in a measure, reduced. Do not trouble to acknowledge this. It is your just due from all.

G. B. KENNISTAN.

This week's number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has a lengthy article by C. P. Connolly, under the caption, "The Case of West Virginia," in which the politicians, Republicans and Democrats alike, come in for some very severe criticism for their alleged corrupt methods.

Individuals and corporations are called by name, and from the freedom with which the article discusses various transactions one is led to believe that COLLIER'S is sure of its ground.

—Martinsburg (W. Va.) Journal.

COLLIER'S long-awaited exposé of the corruption in the Democratic caucus, and the election of C. W. Watson and W. E. Chilton, contained nothing new, because there was nothing new to say. When a dozen responsible newspapers have repeatedly denounced two men as corruptionists and bribe-takers; when respectable men have arisen on the floor of the Legislature, and not only charged bribery but offered proof of it; when these two men have sat under these charges for two years, and have never asked or sought an investigation that might convince or exonerate them, what more is there to say? True, the only tribunal is the United States Senate itself, and that tribunal has been appealed to—not, however, by either C. W. Watson or W. E. Chilton.

—Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer.

After the Republicans see the map of the United States in the forthcoming COLLIER'S, they may be more convinced than ever that their party requires reorganization.—Bay City (Mich.) Times.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

For the gentleman engaged in getting out this paper I have sympathy and respect—it must be worse than an insurance agent's job to push COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

I would not object to having some books five feet or over in size, but you could not give me a limousine if you insisted on your paper going with it—I mean both free gratis for nothing without charge. I prefer dengue fever to COLLIER'S.

A. McCLURKIN.

DALLAS, TEX.

The excellent service given by your Washington Bureau has been well proven by myself. Some time ago I very much desired to obtain certain information concerning one of the departments. Efforts to secure it for me by one United States Senator and three Congressmen were without avail. I gave it up until I noted your generous offer to supply information of the kind. I then wrote your Washington Bureau and was given full particulars almost by return mail. I am now supplying the Senator and three Congressmen with this information, something they very much desire.

Gratefully yours, JOSEPH S. MYERS.



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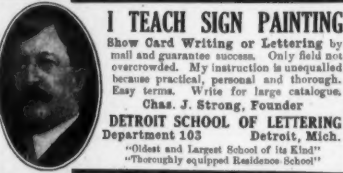
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Manager Advertising Department

COLLIER, The National Weekly, January 18, 1913

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers Volume Fifty, Number 18

Robert J. Collier, President, E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager

Franklin Coe, Treasurer, Charles E. Miner, Secretary 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York City

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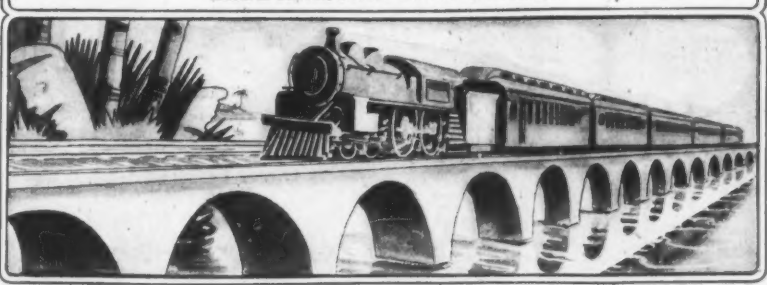
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Get health-bringing heat!

The happiest hour of the day is the rising-time romp with the little folks, where the bedrooms, halls and breakfast-room are "warm as toast"—free from all drafts and "chill spots." It is then and under such conditions of genial, vital-giving warmth that the day starts joyously and the family is put in best mental tune to do the day's work. Household happiness like *this* is what we offer with



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators do away with drudgery for the women-folks. The coal-hod kind of heating means back-straining lugging and lifting, flying ash-dust and soot, injurious coal-gases, destruction to the bloom and freshness of carpetings, upholstery, wall papers, etc., etc.

Women love cleanliness and are unhappy when they see their efforts wasted. No architect or manufacturer would now think of attempting to heat even a factory by grates, stoves or hot-air furnaces, yet men expect their wives to put up with such wasteful methods—merely because their mothers did. IDEAL Boilers are made from an absolute knowledge of the utmost a pound of coal will do, and just how to burn it so that the total heat of which it is capable is delivered to the rooms above.



No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 460 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$230, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.



No. 3-19-S IDEAL Boiler and 210 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$155, were used to heat this cottage.

Their heat-making capacity is planned and calculated by scientific men at our Testing Laboratories in America, Germany, England, France and Italy, and thoroughly proved out before placing them on the market. You buy a certainty in coal-saving features. And, IDEAL Boilers last!

There are no fragile parts, no steel drums to warp, burn out or spring apart, leaking gas and ash-dust. No parts to be repacked, calling for oft overhauling. The sections are joined by our clever machine-made nipples—iron to iron—no leaks. Therefore 50 years' right use would not bring out a repair bill.

AMERICAN Radiators are equally well made. Impossible to wear or rust them out—good for a century. Besides they have a style, finish and ornamentation unequalled. Please let us tell you the full why, how and present attractive prices. Ask for book (free), "Ideal Heating."



We have also brought out the first genuinely practical, automatic, durable Vacuum Cleaner. ALL the dirt and trash is drawn from the rooms through small iron suction pipes leading to big, sealed dust-bucket in cellar. Attach hose to iron suction pipe opening in baseboard of any room, turn an electric button to start the machine in cellar, and with a few gentle strokes of the hollow, magical ARCO WAND, you instantly and thoroughly clean carpets, rugs, floor, walls, ceiling, draperies, moldings, mattresses, drawers, corners, crevices, etc. Put with ease into any old or new dwelling or building. Costs little monthly for electricity to run. Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner.



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